

Hort, Richard

**The rock : illustrated with various legends and
original songs, and music, descriptive of Gibraltar
/ by Richard Hort; with drawings, taken on the spot
by William Lacey**

London : Saunders, Otley, 1839

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THE ROCK



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THE ROCK.



THE ROCK.



THE BOOK





Printed by G. H. M. M. M. M.

THE MOORISH MOSQUE AND CASTLE.

Belvedere de S. Juan, and, N. E. of, Central Street.

As done by W. Hudson.

J. S. Smith

THE ROCK.

ILLUSTRATED WITH

VARIOUS LEGENDS AND ORIGINAL SONGS,
AND MUSIC,

DESCRIPTIVE OF

G I B R A L T A R.

BY

MAJOR HORT,

EIGHTY-FIRST REGIMENT.

WITH DRAWINGS, TAKEN ON THE SPOT,

BY WILLIAM LACEY, ESQ.,

LIEUTENANT, FORTY-SIXTH REGIMENT.

Dedicated, by Special Permission, to her Majesty, Victoria, Queen of England.

LONDON:

SAUNDERS AND OTLEY, CONDUIT STREET.

1839.



LONDON:
PRINTED BY BLATCH AND LAMPERT,
GROVE PLACE, BROMPTON.

BY SPECIAL PERMISSION,

THIS WORK

IS VERY HUMBLY DEDICATED

TO

HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY,

VICTORIA,

Queen of England,

BY

HIS SOVEREIGN'S

MOST LOYAL, FAITHFUL, AND EVER DEVOTED

SUBJECT AND SERVANT,

RICHARD HORT,

MAJOR 81ST REGIMENT.

OF SPECIAL INTEREST

THE WORK

AND THE METHOD

OF THE STUDY

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

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“ Si quod verò Natura nobis dedit spectaculum in hâc tellure, verè gratum, et philosopho dignum, id semel mihi contigisse arbitror; cum excelcissimâ rupe specularundus ad oram maris Mediterranei, hinc æquor cæruleum, illinc tractus Alpinos prospexi; nihil quidem magis dispar aut dissimile, nec in suo genere, magis egregium et singulare. Hoc theatrum ego facilè prætulerim Romanis cunctis, Græcisve; atque id quod natura hîc spectantum exhibet, scenicis ludis omnibus, aut amphitheatri certaminibus. Nihil hîc elegans aut venustum, sed ingens et magnificum, et quod placet magnitudine suâ et quâdam specie immensitatis. Hinc intuebar maris æquabilem superficiem, usque et usque diffusam, quantum maximum oculorum acies ferri potuit; illinc disruptissimam terræ faciem, et vastas moles variè elevatas aut depressas, erectas, propendentes, reclinatas, coærvatas, omni situ inæquali et turbido. Placuit, ex hâc parte, naturæ unitas et simplicitas, et inexhausta quædam planities; ex alterâ, multiformis confusio magnorum corporum, et insane rerum strages; quas cùm intuebar, non urbis alicujus aut oppidi, sed confracti mundi rudera, ante oculos habere mihi visus sum.

“ In singulis ferè montibus erat aliquid insolens et mirabile, sed præcæteris mihi placebat illa, qua sedebam, rupes; erat maxima et altissima, et quâ mare respiciebat, melliori ascensu altitudinem suam dissimulabat: quâ verò terram, horrendum præceps, et quasi ad perpendicularum facta, instar parietis. Præterea facies illa terrestris adeò erat lævis ac uniformis (quod in rupibus aliquando observare licet) ac si scissa fuisset à summo ad imum, in illo plano; vel terræ motu aliquo, aut fulmine, divulsa.

“ Dextrum latus montis erat præruptum, aspero saxo et nudâ caute; sinistrum non adeò neglexerat Natura, arboribus utporte ornatum. Denique in summo vertice promontorii, commodè eminebat saxum, cui insidebam contemplabundus. Vale, augusta sedes, Rege digna: augusta rupes, semper mihi memoranda!”

Burnet's Theory of the Earth.

P R E F A C E.

WEARIED with the dull routine of garrison duty during a residence at Gibraltar, extending to a period nearly approaching three years, it may well be supposed that any occupation tending to break the monotony of the scene, would readily be embraced.

The primary object of all "new arrivals" is to gain the highest pinnacle of the Rock, and from thence enjoy the splendid view laid out, as if in a map, before them ; and having ranged through the excavations, and shuddered

over the dark abyss in Saint Michael's Cave, they usually terminate their exertions, and depart fully impressed with the conviction, that everything in Gibraltar, worthy of notice, had been brought under their immediate observation.

Little satisfied with so cursory and superficial an examination, the Author eagerly availed himself of the many hours placed at his disposal, to explore the numerous, and in many instances, magnificent beauties which abound throughout and around the Rock. In these rambles, interesting even when prosecuted alone, but rendered doubly so, when enhanced by the presence of a friend, an Officer of the Forty-Sixth Regiment, whose pencil has so successfully embellished the following pages, zealously joined; and to his correct delineation of the various spots enumerated, the Author owes the agreeable task of thus testifying his sense of the favour conferred, as also the pleasing satisfaction of recalling to memory the many

no faults, but to unreason

PREFACE.

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happy hours he has passed with Mr. Lacey, while collecting materials for "The Rock."

The Music, with but few exceptions, has been written expressly for this book by the talented composers whose names are appended to each song; and it is confidently hoped, that the time and trouble unsparingly lavished in the endeavour to please, may not have been expended in vain.

Of the melody of the ballads alluded to, the one headed "Other Days," was the gift of an old friend of the Sixty-Eighth Light Infantry, now no more; and that commencing with the words, "Think you though my step be light," was presented by an acquaintance in the North of Ireland, with the assurance in either instance, that the air was original, and had never appeared in print.

For the remainder of the volume, viz. the Legends, Narrative, and Songs, whatever blame may be deserved, or peradventure, praise partially bestowed, one person

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alone is amenable ; and having endeavoured to strike out a somewhat novel mode of amusement, in thus connecting various ingredients, and attempting to blend the whole into a tale, the Author parts with a companion which has served to

“ Lighten many a weary hour ;”

and sending it forth to buffet with the world, craves indulgence for its imperfections ; and for its merits—if any—a favourable reception and support.

Gibraltar,

31st March, 1839.

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THE ROCK.

It was a hot sultry day at noon, in the month of March, 1839—the air was as oppressively close as could be experienced at any more advanced period of the year in England—when the sound of distant music in the main street of Gibraltar foretold the return of the troops from the Neutral Ground, where they had been exercising since an early hour in the morning.

The streets, as usual, were crowded with contrabandistas, who, arrayed in their fanciful yet picturesque costumes, were busily engaged in completing purchases, with the laudable and confessed intention of defrauding the re-

venues of their own country, to the greatest extent their ingenuity could devise, or their intrepidity effect.

Here and there the graceful figure of some dark-eyed *senorita* might have been observed gliding noiselessly along the sunny pavement towards the Spanish chapel, under whose portal she would suddenly vanish, as she entered the sacred edifice to offer up her mid-day prayers. But at the hour named few ladies were to be met; and though no scarcity of beauty was discovered peering forth from behind the friendly shelter of the green *jalousie*, it is not the period when a stranger may expect to find a Spanish lady without the sanctuary of her own abode.

Moors in their stately dresses of various hues, and the more humbly apparelled Jew shuffling along in his yellow slippers, were to be met with in abundance; while Greeks, Genoese, Africans, and natives from every province in Spain, crowded the long street which forms the principal feature of the town.

Those whom fortune may not have induced to visit the Rock of Gibraltar, should take an early opportunity of supplying the omission; for dull and wearisome as the

place may seem to most whose prolonged sojourn in the garrison is not entirely optional, there is much beauty both in animate, as well as in inanimate nature, amply sufficient to repay the traveller for his exertions.

Much has been written, and many views have already been published, illustrative of the scenery around; but there is still a great deal to behold, and ample novelties to descant on, which have escaped the observation of former tourists; and which may be found as redolent of interest as any of those already submitted to the observation of the public.

We know not why it is, but whenever "the pomp and circumstance of war" makes its appearance, arrayed in all the splendid panoply thereunto pertaining, none can complain of a paucity of bright eyes to gaze on the glittering pageant; and though no scarcity of military parade exists, the absence of fair forms and flowing mantillas, to hover round the scene of martial display, never lends its aid towards the tedium and sameness of garrison detail.

On the occasion of which we write, the whole of the troops had been under arms; and the presence of a

member of the Royal Family, who for some months past had fixed his residence on the Rock, might probably have, in some measure, prolonged the manœuvres beyond the accustomed hour. The morning had been most propitious for the exercise—the breeze on the neutral ground delightful; and even at the early season of the year, all vegetation bespoke the expected approach of summer.

Cold and apathetic, indeed, must that person be, who can gaze unmoved on the bright banner of old England, as, fluttering in the breeze, it is borne along, amid the host of gallant hearts, whose loyalty and devotion have preserved its honour untarnished through many a scene of carnage and death: and as the full burst of music preceding each column falls on the ear, and while the eye rests on the waving plumes and glittering arms of the warriors, who have carried the valour and enterprise of their nation to the remotest corners of the earth, who is there whose breast has not, on the instant, cherished a feeling of enthusiasm, and mentally rejoiced in the proud name of the country that owns him?

But, in this instance, there was more than ordinary to

attract the attention of the lookers-on; for amid the throng of military then present, rode, in no way distinguished in dress from the other officers, a prince of the blood royal of the House of Hanover.

Born in a sphere unavoidably separated at an immense distance from intimate communion with all of inferior rank; and placed by circumstances in a position, from whence little inducement could be offered for descending to the level of others, it became a subject of astonishment and applause, that one so young and gifted, should voluntarily forsake the innumerable pleasures which were fast surrounding him; and leaving all his earlier associates, and curbing the natural voice of affection, should have sought a garrison, where the duty is unavoidably the strictest, with the determination of entering on his career in no other manner than that which falls to the lot of every subaltern officer.

Novel, and possibly tedious as the study was, His Royal Highness had the good taste to appreciate the motives of those who encouraged his determination; and moreover evinced his strong good sense, by steadily entering

into each detail of his profession, with a zeal and alacrity, which rendered the office of instruction a work of real pleasure and gratification to those whom good fortune selected to be thus employed.

With an urbanity truly characteristic of our Royal Family, Prince George of Cambridge could not fail in gaining the warm esteem of every one; and if at any period hereafter, His Royal Highness may chance to recur with pleasure to the recollection of his sojourn on the Rock, he must feel convinced, that the same epoch will be borne in the memory of all ranks, with feelings of the highest respect for himself, and a due appreciation of the honour which his kind manner, and unaffected frankness conferred on each individual, who could boast of his acquaintance.

“Are you for guard to-day, Fairlie?” enquired a young officer of his friend, while marching in rear of their battalion.

“On guard!” replied the other, “no, no, not I, indeed, thank the fates; I only came off yesterday, and have no



Engraved by W. Hudson.

NORTH FRONT and GRUTNA.

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Printed by C. Bulmer.

intention whatever of revisiting that abominable abode for four or five days at soonest."

"I wish I could say as much," answered his companion; "but alas, I must change my dress as soon as I reach my room, and be off for my accustomed purgatory at Landport."

"Is Landport your destination, then?" laughingly rejoined Fairlie; "come, come, you're not so badly off as you might be; for, at least, you have one advantage on that guard, none other can boast."

"Have I indeed?" quickly enquired Osborne; "I sincerely wish your ingenuity could point it out; for on my word, Fairlie, notwithstanding my experience, I have never had discrimination sufficient, to discover what advantage there may be in dwelling for four and twenty consecutive hours among rats and mosquitoes."

"Pshaw!" replied Fairlie; "rats and mosquitoes indeed! why, my dear fellow, you are so awfully matter of fact, that I verily believe you possess not a particle of sentiment in your whole composition."

"I dare say you are right, Fairlie," laughingly an-

swered the other, "and I must plead guilty to the accusation; but come, tell me the advantage of Landport!"

"*You* may not so call it," said Fairlie; "but I should decidedly deem it an advantage, and no trifling one either, were I enabled to scan the slight forms, and gaze on the brilliant eyes of every Andalusian damsel who enters the gates of Gibraltar. Why, my dear fellow," he continued, getting somewhat energetic on the subject, "there is not a person or animal, who leaves or arrives on the Rock by land, whose face you cannot scrutinize, if such be your bent."

"Granted," answered Osborne; "but what great advantage is to be gained thereby? for on my word, I am still ignorant."

"Without exception," quickly replied his friend, "you are the most provoking fellow in the universe: do you call it nothing, to bask in the sunshine of the loveliest eyes that ever shot forth their irresistible influence from beneath the long silken lashes which, in mercy to us mortals, partially veil their dazzling brilliancy? Do you call it nothing to—"

"Cease, cease, I pray you, Fairlie," laughingly inter-



Illustration by W. H. Mason

O'HARA'S TOWER and THE SIGNAL STATION,
looking South

Illustration by Saunders and May, Condensed Series

Illustration by W. H. Mason

rupted Osborne ; "I can't acknowledge myself so totally heartless as you have pictured me, for I know few who can derive more pleasure from the contemplation of any lovely object than myself."

"I am delighted to hear it," responded Fairlie ; "and since such is the case, I propose we make short excursions on, and beyond the Rock, in search of the beautiful, at the earliest opportunity."

"With the greatest pleasure," was the rejoinder ; "but I make it a *sine qua non*, that you persuade Delacy to accompany us, with his pencil and portfolio, while you carry your guitar across your shoulder, and give the reins to all your long pent-up poetry and romance. Is it agreed?"

"Agreed, agreed," replied Fairlie ; and the regiment having now reached their barracks, the friends separated ; the one to dress for guard, while the other went in search of Delacy, in the hope of persuading him to join them in their projected rambles.

The report of the morning gun from the signal-station of Gibraltar, reverberating across the Bay, found its echo on the hills of Algesiras, and passing onward, died away amid the picturesque mountains of Africa, summoning with its sonorous tone the many who, in a hot climate, invariably arise at that hour to encounter the toils and pleasures of the new-coming day.

At that most delicious period of the morning, ere the sun puts forth his strength to retain his supremacy until night; and when the balmy coolness of the air is impregnated with the delicious fragrance emanating from myriads of flowers, which everywhere abound, the Rock may be viewed in its most enchanting form.

Twilight—the dear hour of twilight—which in our colder country we so prize on the joyous nights of summer, claims but a small portion either of the morn or eve, in this far milder clime; for scarcely has the day commenced to dawn, ere the brilliant sun, rising as it were from the blue waves of the Mediterranean, pours his refulgent beams on the lands so peculiarly his own.

The dew was yet hanging in silver drops on the variegated leaves of the sweet-scented geranium; and the graceful boughs of the drooping pepper-tree yet retained the refreshing influence of the night, when the three friends proceeded in high spirits on their brief tour.

The view from Windmill Hill, as they descended towards the town, could not fail to attract notice. The vast expanse of the glorious Mediterranean to the east, bounded in part by the lofty and apparently perpendicular hills of Africa, is in itself sufficient to enchain attention; yet, as they descended from that elevated spot, and wound their way amid the luxuriant gardens which the disinterested care of the present Governor has cultivated so judiciously, and at so great a personal expense, the view across the smooth and almost transparent bay, bounded by the Spanish coast, is amply sufficient to repay any lover of nature for the distance he had travelled, or the early hour he had sallied forth to enjoy the landscape.

Poets and musicians, from time immemorial, have been allowed, however justly or otherwise, the possession of

keen perception and somewhat refined feeling, whereby to appreciate every loveliness which the beneficence of an all-bountiful Providence has thought fit to lavish: and as the eyes of the young soldiers, albeit not unaccustomed to the view even at that early hour, dwelt on the splendid panorama, conversation for the moment ceased among them; and each as it were communing within himself, luxuriated in the contemplation of the gorgeous scene portrayed. But when the fast disappearing vapours, rolling away their nearly transparent curtain from the blue hills of Andalusia, extended the view over groves of orange trees, and tracts covered with the vine, Fairlie, guided by that impulse so common to young enthusiastic spirits in their first days of happiness, and still gazing on the view, uttered, almost unconsciously, the spirit-stirring quotation from Marmion.

“ The spur he to his charger lent,
And raised his bridle hand ;
And making demi-volte in air,
Cried, ‘ Where’s the coward who would not dare
To fight for such a land ? ’ ”

“What, already, Fairlie!” exclaimed Delacy, laughing. “This is an early hour in the morning for heroics; but the scenery before us may, undoubtedly, in a great measure, pardon your excitement.”

“Your pardon,” replied his more mercurial companion, “your pardon, Delacy, is well bestowed; for the excitement, as you term it, has now passed away; and forsooth,” added he, somewhat in a serious tone, “I seldom gaze on anything more than usually lovely, but, when the first burst of imagination has escaped me, a feeling nearly approaching to melancholy usurps its place.”

“Surely, my dear boy,” exclaimed Osborne, “*you* cannot have aught to do with dismal forebodings, and dark anticipations of coming evil.”

“Perhaps I have my share as well as others, Osborne,” he rejoined, resuming his joyous tone; “but were any one to look on you at this moment, he would most indisputably say your countenance bespoke an accumulation of blighted hopes and disappointed loves, sufficient to fill the shelves of all the circulating libraries in Christendom.”

"Then my looks belie my feelings," jocularly replied Osborne.

"May be, may be," answered his volatile friend; "but at all events I'll tell you what such a countenance as yours *ought* to express;" and touching his guitar, Fairlie, half laughing, and half in earnest, sang—

TIME WAS.

LARGHETTO.

VOICE. *PIANO* *FORTE.*

Time was

when all ap_pear_ed to me Bright, beau_ti_ful, beau_ti_ful and

gay; I lit_tle thought how speed_i_...ly That time would

pp *pp*

glide, That time would glide a ---- way. Nor dreamt

I that a few short years..... Would chill my bos-som's

glow; That smiles would e-ver turn to tears, I lit-tle

thought, I lit-tle thought to know.

TIME WAS.

1.

TIME was when all appeared to me
Bright, beautiful, and gay;
I little thought how speedily
That time would pass away,
Nor dreamt I that a few short years
Might chill my bosom's glow:
That smiles should ever turn to tears,
I little thought to know.

2.

Time was when those I loved were nigh,
To watch me when I smiled;
Those days, alas! have long gone by—
No longer I'm a child.
The forms whereon I used to gaze,
No more may meet mine eye;
The joys and hopes of other days
Have blossom'd but—to die.

"Thanks, Fairlie, thanks," exclaimed both his companions; "but I," continued Osborne, "cannot plead guilty to such a prostration as you describe of all those ties and feelings which attach us to this earth. However, I suppose it is all very necessary in poetry; and as you are well aware I was ever more matter-of-fact than romantic, you must pardon my bad taste in declining to feel so very miserable as you appear to consider necessary for the credit of my countenance."

"As you will, friend of mine," answered the other, smiling; "if you have not sentiment enough to be unhappy at the right moment, so that there is no real foundation for your low spirits, you lose one of the most delicious pleasures the mind is capable of enjoying."

"Do I indeed?" jocularly enquired the officer alluded to. "Then, on my honour, it is a pleasure, the loss of which I can in no way regret, however much my want of sentiment may deteriorate from your good opinion of so humble a person as myself. But a truce to all this. Come, Delacy, and let Fairlie and myself know what treasures you hide within the sombre covers of your portfolio."

And taking the sketch-book from the hands of his friend, he commenced an examination of its contents.

"Why, here's a view of my old station at Catalan Bay," exclaimed Fairlie, while examining the drawings with his friend; "and taken from the signal post. Why, when was this done, Delacy?"

"A few days back," was the reply.

"And most correctly delineated, truly," chimed in Osborne. "Not a stone or line but is here faithfully impressed on the paper. We must find more work for your pencil, Delacy, if you mean to continue your drawings in this style."

"I'm glad you like it," he replied; "and in one respect I own myself fortunate; that is, in having found a point from whence to work, which I am not conscious has ever been intruded on by others."

In this all parties coincided; and the drawing having been returned to the portfolio, the trio continued their stroll.

The road towards the south entrance of the town now wound down the delightful walks of the Alameda, where the various kiosks and ornamental summer-houses, raising their gilded domes from among the thick foliage of the gum-cistus and quick-growing bellasombra and cotton-trees, greatly enhanced the beauty of that delightful promenade. Below the gardens, extends, for a considerable distance, the smooth gravel of the parade; and from thence, passing under the sculptured arms of Charles the Fifth, the fortress is entered.

These grounds were originally projected and planted by Sir George Don; but it was reserved for His Excellency, the present Governor, to cause them to be extended and improved, until they formed (as now) an agreeable shelter from the midday sun, and a much frequented place wherein to saunter and enjoy the western breeze in the cool of a bright summer's eve.

“My dear Fairlie,” exclaimed Osborne, “I wish you would either play something for the amusement of Delacy

and myself, or else spare us the repetition of the continued twang of your guitar. If you will sing, we shall be delighted to hear you; but if you purpose delaying your melody to some future period, I propose we proceed on our way."

"Agreed, say I, to the latter part of your suggestion," replied the other; "but think you I will cast away my only solace through many a dull, weary hour—my hope, my joy, my dearly loved guitar?" he continued, in mock heroics; "not I, indeed, Osborne; but as my last song seems but scantily to have met your approval, I'll try another strain—so list, gentles, list."

'TIS I ALONE AM CHANGED.

1.

THOSE days can never more return, when I was blithe and gay;
The scythe of Time has passed them o'er, and swept their bloom away.
It is not that this world hath grown less lovely than it smiled
In bygone days, 'mid happier years, when I was yet a child.
Then wherefore should the joyous laugh strike coldly on mine ear?
And wherefore springs the deep-drawn sigh, and oft unbidden tear?
The flowers are fair and beautiful as when I fondly ranged
'Mid many a scene the same as now—'tis I alone am changed.

2.

Those days I ne'er can see again, ere sorrow touch'd my brow,
When I knew naught but happiness.—Alas! what know I now?
It seems to me but yesterday I left my happy home,
Its shady glades and meads, whereon I loved so well to roam;
Yet care has tracked my pilgrimage, and years have glided o'er,
'Mid pain and grief, since that loved time, which can return no more;
And feelings which in youth I had, in manhood seem estranged.
All, all around appears the same—'tis I alone am changed.

“I’m delighted to hear it, Fairlie, and I hope the change will be for the better,” remarked Osborne, as the song finished; “but you never told Delacy and myself what brought about this sudden change you speak of.”

“Now really,” he replied, appealing to his other auditor, “is it not past all sufferance that let the words or music be what they may, be they ever so good or ever so faulty, Osborne is sure to step in with some detestable remark or bad joke, in the attempt to turn all into ridicule. I wish I could but persuade you to sing,” he continued, addressing his tormenter; “if I don’t find errors both in your poetry and melody, depend on it, the omission will not arise from want of searching for them.”

“Candid, at least,” laughed his friend; “but my dear Fairlie, if you never tune your guitar until you pitch your notes as an accompaniment to my voice, I fear the instrument would in tune resemble

‘The harp that hung in Tara’s halls;’

since I cannot imagine the bribe that would tempt me to break the spell. But it will never answer standing idly

talking here, when there is so much amusement before us, and so little time wherein to accomplish it; therefore, loiter not longer, but proceed."

"Did you ever remark that extraordinary gateway?" exclaimed Osborne, drawing the attention of his companions to a curiously carved piece of architecture which is erected immediately within the gates of the town. "There is a legend attached to the building, which once stood on that site," he continued; "and though yet veiled in considerable mystery, it possesses, in my humble opinion, no small degree of interest: and should it suit your humour, I will relate the story as we ride along."

The proposition thus made, was readily accepted; and the sketch which adorns our frontispiece, is an exact representation of the structure in question.

In due time the seaside was reached, and as the small party rode leisurely on the sands, the promise mentioned was redeemed by the relation of

THE LOST NUN.

It was some years after the recapture of Gibraltar from the Moors, by John de Guzman, Duke de Medina Sidonia, that the gateway which Delacy has so correctly depicted, formed the outer entrance to the cloisters of a Franciscan Convent of Nuns, whose great extent, and multitudinous buildings, occupied that large space of ground, now dedicated to perhaps a more useful, but certainly not to so picturesque and imposing a purpose—namely, a military store-house.

The edifice now occupied by our hospitable Governor, and commonly known to this day as the Convent, was a

Franciscan Convent of Friars, and of course solely dedicated to the use of the devotees of the rougher sex ; while the prayers uttered, and the vespers warbled by the imprisoned nuns, were heard in the chapel of the domicile first alluded to.

In 1502, and for years subsequent, and during the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, atrocities were committed, and crimes perpetrated, which in our more civilized time, would be considered improbable in the extreme, and if effected, could rarely escape detection, and consequent abhorrence and punishment.

Such, however, was not the case in the early period of which I now treat ; nor, indeed, were the iniquities carried on, principally confined to the lower classes, where want and temptation too often instigate to the commission of crime, which otherwise they might never have been made acquainted with.

Pride, jealousy, and the naturally hot temper of the Spanish nobles, unrestrained by any laws, save those which at their pleasure could be evaded, encouraged, in no small degree, the accomplishment of their projects, at however

great an expense of justice, or even life, the indulgence was to be purchased.

On no point did their over-bearing pride find a firmer footstool than on that of birth; and the bare supposition of the possibility of a marriage being contracted by any member of a family, which the relations deemed objectionable, was sufficient at all times to rouse the vindictive feelings of all connected with the delinquent; and rather than not frustrate what they viewed as a consummation of disgrace, few would have paused in the commission of any cruelty, or indeed hesitated to imbrue their hands in blood.

It was a wet night, in the middle of winter; the rain poured down in torrents from the dark lowering clouds, which hung as a funeral canopy over the Rock. The bell of the church of St. Mary the Crowned, had just tolled the midnight hour, when a horseman, closely muffled, and entirely concealed by his cloak, and followed by two servants well mounted, dashed up the uneven causeway that led to the convent of Nuns, and violently reined in his steed at the portal.

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In an instant his attendants had dismounted, and while one announced their arrival, by loudly knocking with his dagger's hilt against the solid door which opposed their entrance, the other stood by his master's horse, ready to assist the cavalier in dismounting.

The night was so extremely dark, as to render all attempts at discovering the features of the party abortive : if, indeed, any one could have been found, whom curiosity might tempt thus unadvisedly to court a danger which, in those times, was of no trifling magnitude ; for any attempt to pry into the affairs of others, particularly if in any way connected with the nobles, was certain to entail on the inquisitive intruder unequivocal marks of resentment for his interference.

The wind howled dismally through the long cloisters of the building ; and the rain beat with redoubled fury against the casements of the convent, as the stranger followed the tottering steps of the aged janitor who obeyed his impatient summons.

“Lead me straight to the lady abbess,” demanded the intruder, in an imperious tone.

“The lady abbess, gallant sir,” faintly replied the other, in the trembling accents of old age,—“the lady abbess, noble senor, has long since retired to rest; and were it not that the vows of this holy Franciscan sisterhood forbid that any wanderer should here seek shelter, and find it not, the portals of the convent had not opened this night for even your admission.”

“Indeed!” sharply retorted the other; “methinks you little know whom thus you commune with; but enough of this. Call up some of the slumbering sisterhood with speed, and bid them bear this token to the lady abbess, and see that it be done quickly. Old man, you deal with one who ill can brook delay or opposition.” And, motioning the porter to leave the iron lamp on the pavement, the aged doorkeeper proceeded on his errand.

The flickering light thus falling on the tall figure, standing as though transfixed to the marble beneath his feet, discovered that, by his left arm, he supported a form closely wrapped within the folds of his cloak, but from which latter the rain fell fast and plashing on the ground.

The thunder now broke in terrific bursts over the convent, and the forked lightning gleaming through the richly carved roof, and beautifully painted windows above, for an instant illuminated the torn banners, and mouldering armour, suspended over the marble effigies of many a gallant supporter of the Order.

It was a fearful night, and would have been rendered more appalling to many, had they rested where the stranger and his charge stood, surrounded by the tombs of the dead who slumbered beneath. Yet no superstitious feeling held possession in the mind of him who now gazed as if on vacancy. The fierce rolling eye of passion, the contracted brow and closely compressed lips, showed the inward working of nature's fiercest passions, rather than of thoughts soaring amid the yet unravelled mysteries of another world. The large Spanish hat, ornamented with a single feather drooping over his shoulder, was pulled closely over his brow; the cloak concealed the most part of his figure; but the clang of the rapier, as it descended on the pavement, bespoke him otherwise than unarmed.

The features were those of a young man, and emi-

nently handsome; but the dark furrows and deeply engraven lines on his countenance, bore testimony to the ill regulated tenor of his mind.

Anon he would clasp, as it were involuntarily, the jewelled hilt of his rapier; and as minute succeeded minute without bringing the return of the porter, the cavalier would stamp his foot upon the tessellated pavement with an unrestrained motion of impatience, till the echo of his armed heel rang in strange discord along the aisles.

In vain he looked in the direction where he expected his guide to appear—all remained dark in the distance; and at length an exclamation of displeasure, somewhat allied to a threat, heedlessly escaped his lips.

Hitherto the form beside him had remained mute and stationary as himself; but, as if suddenly waking from a trance, a groan was succeeded by a long sigh, and a woman's melodious voice, in the accents of entreaty and grief, broke the stillness around.

"Huberto, Huberto," sobbed forth the lady, in the deepest tones of anguish and despair, "do not, oh, for the love of all the saints, do not leave me in this dreadful

place—let me but once more return home—let me but breathe the free air of Heaven, and I will ask, I will implore no more. Huberto, my brother, my only brother, leave me not here to perish!”

“Silence, Alitea!” was the almost savage reply. “How dare you thus profane the holy edifice which from this, until your last day, must be your home? Is it not sufficient that the honour of a noble house is tarnished, irremediably tarnished, through your machinations—the vile machinations of a love-sick girl? Methinks ’tis time,” he continued, in a sneering tone, “that the discipline of this house be exerted to lead your thoughts into a more healthy channel—you have disgraced your family, disgraced yourself, and from this hour, we cast you off for ever.”

“You wrong me, Huberto; on my soul’s salvation, you wrong me,” cried, or rather shrieked the poor creature, falling at his feet; “never shall dishonour taint our family through my means—I loved, I own I loved—but oh! Huberto, how knew I of the deadly feud with which our house viewed him and all his kinsmen. That is the whole amount of my offence, Huberto; and only release me from

this drear abode, and I will swear," she added, raising her arms to heaven, "I will swear by the holy Virgin, if you desire it, never to see him more."

"You need not swear, Alitea," replied her brother, with the calm fiend-like expression of gratified revenge; "you need not swear, Alitea; the good lady Abbess of the convent will take ample measures for providing against any such humiliation. But here comes the porter, with a summons from the Abbess, so arise and follow me; and if you be not inclined for harsher treatment than I wish you to receive, keep your own counsel, and none may know you take the veil unwillingly."

"Huberto, by the remembrance of the love you once professed for me, leave me not thus; I will obey your commands, Huberto, will be your servant, your slave—will stoop to any menial office, if you will but restore me to my home. Oh! my brother, think of the days of our childhood; think of the many years of happiness we have passed together, and then surely you will not, cannot leave your only sister here to perish." And the poor girl, in the agony of her grief and apprehended desertion, seized the

folds of his long cloak within her arms, and clasping the dripping mantle to her breast, firmly retained it within her pressure, as though it were the last link that bound her to all of hope and happiness she might look for in this world.

Hard indeed must have been the heart, and glazed the eye, that could contemplate unmoved, the undissembled agony of the beautiful figure then lying prostrate at his feet. Her long dark tresses, dishevelled by the storm, fell in disordered ringlets over her young and palpitating bosom; and the thorough anguish of the beseeching look with which she strove to rekindle affection in the now estranged breast of her brother, might have turned from his purpose the designs of any, save the unrelenting Spaniard, torn with the unquenchable passions of suspicion and revenge.

“Arise, Alitea,” exclaimed the monster, spurning with his foot the unhappy being thus grovelling before him; “arise, and kneel not for mercy to one whom your conduct has so deeply injured—I say arise!”

Thus conjured, the stately figure of Alitea de Lucerna, slowly left its humiliating position, and erecting herself

to her full height, she calmly crossed her arms upon her breast, and ceasing all further entreaty or complaint, gazed steadily on her companion's face.

"Huberto," slowly commenced a tone, hoarse and sepulchral, as though it issued from the tomb; "Huberto, hear me for the last time; I have, until now, deigned to play the woman, and have allowed my instinctive dread of this detested abode, so far to overcome my firmer nature, that I have prayed, sued, and petitioned at your feet, for release from the horrid doom, to undergo which, even were I guilty of the most heinous crimes, would be more than ample atonement for them.

"I have wept to you, I have implored, for and by the recollection of the happy days of our infancy, I have supplicated mercy, and in return, you have with cold cruelty denied my boon; and with the badge of chivalry on your heel, have struck me to the ground. Now, listen; the noble blood of our house, flows as proudly through my veins, as yours: from this moment I cease to owe love or obedience to my persecutors—I cast back your foul calumnies, with the contempt they deserve—I discard you from

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my thoughts—I renounce your name, and here willingly embrace a monastic life, and thus separate from my kinsmen for ever; yet mark me, Huberto, and heed me well.” And here the beautiful figure of the persecuted girl assumed an attitude, one fair arm pointing to heaven, as though gifted with the power of prophecy. “Mark me,” she repeated, as the words slowly fell from her lips; “once and once only, shall we meet again in this world: from the instant your shadow ceases to darken the threshold of this accursed house, I am dead to the world, and to my race; yet, I repeat, we shall meet once more, and fatal will it be to one—perchance to both. But come it when it may; be it fast verging to the hour of fulfilment, or be the period of its consummation yet afar off, I warn you, we shall meet again; but of that meeting—beware!!!”

The sun had just sunk to rest on a delicious evening in summer; the doors of the neighbouring Franciscan Convent were thrown open, and numbers of persons from the

adjacent hamlets, flocked, in their best attire, to offer up their prayers at the shrine of some favourite saint.

The site on which the numerous buildings during the last century have sprung up, presented nothing in those days, either alluring to the eye of the weary traveller, or seductive to the more fastidious taste of the nobles. The churches and convents were of course the most prominent edifices then erected ; and the few houses of entertainment which the increasing importance of the place rendered absolutely necessary for the accommodation of its visitors, were situated, in no very picturesque form, near the spot now known as the Water Port Gate.

Even at this remote date, Gibraltar was considered a place, the possession of which was esteemed of much importance ; and although traffic to any extent was naturally unlooked for from a rock possessing so few opportunities of culture, yet, as an anchorage for vessels going to and from the Mediterranean, it was sought by ships of all countries ; and consequently its streets, or more properly speaking, its narrow thoroughfares, were crowded chiefly with foreigners of every description.

It was, as I have already said, a delightful summer's eve:—the beautiful chapel of the convent was decked as for high mass, and the numerous wax tapers distributed among the lofty pillars of the aisles, proclaimed a grander than usual service in anticipation.

The drawing which Delacy has taken on the spot, affords an exact representation of the building, as it now stands; but in the days wherein occurred the events with the relation of which I have endeavoured to interest you, the body of the chapel extended the whole length of the convent; and a long and lofty chamber, supported by two rows of pillars, in which His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent afterwards held his Governor's banquets, constituted, in older times, a portion of the aisle.

The pillars in question still retain the outlines, and in some instances, the colours of the numerous flowers painted around them; and the massive staples for candelabras fixed in the ceiling, together with the numerous decorations around, though fast falling to decay, speak plainly of the joyous mirth and happy laughter which nearly forty years since were frequently heard to echo round the walls.

Those intonations, however, have long ceased to vibrate in *that* hall ; and as the low murmur of prayer, and the scarcely audible sound of the sandalled footstep of the cowed friar had before died away, so have now the glad-some voices and merry jests which, in more modern days,

“ Were wont to set the table on a roar,”

glided into oblivion : and how few, how very few now remain, who can recall even the memory of that period of their triumph and delight !

As the evening advanced, the aisle of the church became thronged with persons anxious to witness the expected ceremony ; and the friars moving noiselessly along the lofty corridors of the building, and arrayed in all the gorgeous trappings of the church of Rome, predicted the approach of some imposing ceremonial. A delightful perfume spread through the arched cloisters ; and the subdued tone of the sacred music, scarcely sufficient to drown the whisper of confession, added greatly to impress all present with a deep feeling of religious awe.

In due time, the brotherhood entered at the western extremity of the distant aisle, and headed by their venerable superior, proceeded in procession towards the chapel.

Then burst forth the melody of music in all its rich fullness, and the abbot, blessing the people as they knelt before him, took his station by the side of the altar.

The service began; and even those unaccustomed to the Catholic rites might have soon discovered that the imposing spectacle was prepared to celebrate the admission of a novice into the community of Franciscan friars.

And where was he, the cause of all the empty pomp and glittering show, by means of which converts were to be gained, and those already convinced of the rectitude of their mode of worship impressed more firmly in their belief? Where was he, the man disgusted with the world, and so worn and wearied with its vicissitudes and cares, as willingly to forsake that dearest blessing, liberty, for a cowl, regret, and at best a living tomb? Was he actuated by a pure and well defined sense of religion, to devote the remainder of his life to the service of his God? Or was he some outcast of society, seeking, under the garb of

righteousness, security from the punishment justly merited by his crimes? Who could answer? What fellow mortal could pretend to probe the breast, and lay bare the secrets of that mute figure, which, standing unsupported by the altar—his form and features hidden by the dark habit of his order—merely bowed his head upon his breast, in token of his acceptance of the vows which shut him from the world for ever.

Again, the music sent forth its loudest melody; again, the congregation sunk on their knees, as the holy Abbot and his train passed on. By degrees, the numerous tapers were extinguished, save here and there, those placed by the bigotry of superstition, as a propitiatory offering before a shrine; and ere the midnight bell had tolled, not a sound reverberated through the aisles.

The stream of time flowed on—seasons came and sped, yet unchanged by the passions of man—the face of nature remained the same—days glided into months, and months

had well nigh numbered years, since the scene I have detailed, took place.

The Convent bell had long ceased the toll for evening vespers, when a friar of the Franciscan order, slowly entering the portal of the Nunnery, betook himself, as was the wont of the brotherhood, to one of the penitential boxes, appointed for the confessions of the sisterhood ; for in the strict and austere order to which both the male and female convents pertained, it was imperative on certain of the friars, to attend periodically for the purpose stated ; and it was equally compulsory for the nuns, to seek and obtain absolution for their sins—the greatest of which, if truth were told, might possibly have been an acknowledgment of unlimited hatred, and overpowering disgust, towards the house which they were hourly compelled to pray for and support.

The confessional box chosen by the brother, was in one of the most remote corners of the aisle ; and there, wrapped in his dark garb, his face enveloped by his cowl,

he patiently awaited any supplication for penance and pardon, which the fair penitents might sue for.

Nun after nun entered the small sanctuary, and placing her mouth near the aperture fixed there for the purpose, detailed her misdemeanours, and obtained the infliction of penance, or the promise of grace.

The evening was fast closing in, and the hour at which the holy brethren were accustomed to depart, near at hand; when a nun, the last of all who lingered around, took the room of those who preceded her.

“Father,” exclaimed a soft silvery voice, but in so low a tone, as scarcely to reach the ear addressed; “father,” she said, “is there hope for her, who, having forsworn all communion with the world, still clings with pertinacity to the recollection of hopes and joys, closed against her for ever—father, is there hope?”

A long pause succeeded the question, broken only by the stifled sobs of the nun, who, in seeking consolation through confession, appeared to dread the result which it might entail.

“Father,” she at length repeated, “is there hope?”

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"Daughter," slowly responded the monk, though in a low and agitated tone; "hope is denied to none."

"Would that it were so, father," she continued; "many a weary day and wretched night, have I striven against the feelings, which, in despite of reason, and at variance with common sense, haunt my thoughts in the morning, and drive slumber from my pillow in the long hours of darkness. Penance have I performed—vows have I made; but all shrink into nothingness, and fade into air, when my mind rushes back to days of former happiness; and involuntarily I find myself contrasting what I was, with what I am. Father!" she murmured, in soft, yet broken accents—"father, I beseech you, is there hope for such as me?"

"Daughter," answered the confessor; "have I not already told thee, hope is denied to none?"

"Nay, but holy father," continued the nun, "tell me, and tell me truly; should a wretch be found within these walls, capable of harbouring recollections, aye, and of nourishing in private those feelings which, although grafted in her nature, she had, since her entrance within this cloister,

sworn to tear by the roots from her memory, and cast away—should there, I repeat, breathe so contaminated a being within the convent, as to retain affection for parents, sisters, relations, and even acquaintances—tell me, father, is there hope?”

“These are mere natural ties, my daughter,” responded the friar; “and I trust there is.”

“Father!” cried the agitated girl, “you do not understand me; tell me,” she continued, “if any hope exists for her, who, having taken the sacred veil, still cherishes, within the dearest and most secret recesses of her heart, the memory of one, whom but to behold once more, she would gladly perform penance for ever?”

“Mean you,” faltered the monk, “a first and only love, for an honourable and blameless object?—or speak you of a mere changing affection, which a depraved mind might be supposed to harbour?”

“Oh! no, no,” replied the penitent; “I speak, father, of him with whom I dwelt in the days of happy childhood—of him whom I have loved, since I was capable of appre-

ciating the kindness of any one—of him, from whom I have been forcibly torn ; and of him, whom were I permitted to gaze on again, were it but for an instant, I would abide by in life or death, and never, never part from more.”

“His name?” eagerly demanded the monk.

For an instant the voice of confession was hushed ; the beating of her agitated heart was plainly audible, as it palpitated against her bosom ; and the fast falling tears of sorrow, rapidly coursed each other down her wan, yet lovely cheek—still she replied not.

“Name him,” again exclaimed the confessor, in tones scarcely less agitated than those of his penitent ; “as you hope for mercy, name him.”

“Silvano,” was the nearly inaudible reply that escaped the lips of the sufferer.

“Have then thy wish, Alitea,” softly whispered the monk ; “the hour, the blessed hour has at last arrived,—that hour for which I have sacrificed all here, and perhaps all hereafter ; but that hour *has* come, and it is mine—all mine. Again we meet—again I hear the dulcet tones of

your loved voice, and from henceforth, be it in life or death, Alitea, we part no more."

Once more we change the scene, (continued Osborne,) and this time I must convey you to the quay, or place where, in those days, all persons having business or traffic by sea, were accustomed to congregate.

There were numerous boats and galleys of all nations on the broad expanse of water; some moving gaily forward, under a heavy press of sail, while others, yet unprepared for their departure, remained riding smoothly and in security at anchor.

To the eye of a casual observer, nothing remarkable would have been noticed in the tacking and manœuvring of the various vessels, either leaving or endeavouring to reach their anchorage; yet the practised glance of a sailor—and there were others on the quay, who, though *not* sailors, remarked it as closely—might have discerned one galley, bearing the English flag, whose short tacks and apparent determination to hug the land, denoted that either

her cargo or passengers were not all embarked; and that some communication was yet expected from the shore, which had not hitherto been made.

There were many groups loitering about; some occupied in stowing away provisions, to be conveyed to their vessels in the bay; others, having but just arrived from some far distant port, were returning the congratulations of their friends; and many, having neither business to occupy their leisure, nor ingenuity otherwise to consume their time, lounged listlessly among the mariners, listening—as is often the case even in the present day—to the detail of matters wholly unconnected with, and irrelevant to themselves.

“Walk boldly, and let the broad feather of your hat droop over your face,” softly whispered a person, dressed as an English merchant, to the companion by his side, arrayed in an exactly similar garb. “Cheer up, my beloved Alitea,” he continued, though in a low modulated key; “all proceeds as our most sanguine wishes could desire. Nay, nay,” he added, feeling the slight figure tremble on his arm; “the worst—the greatest part of our

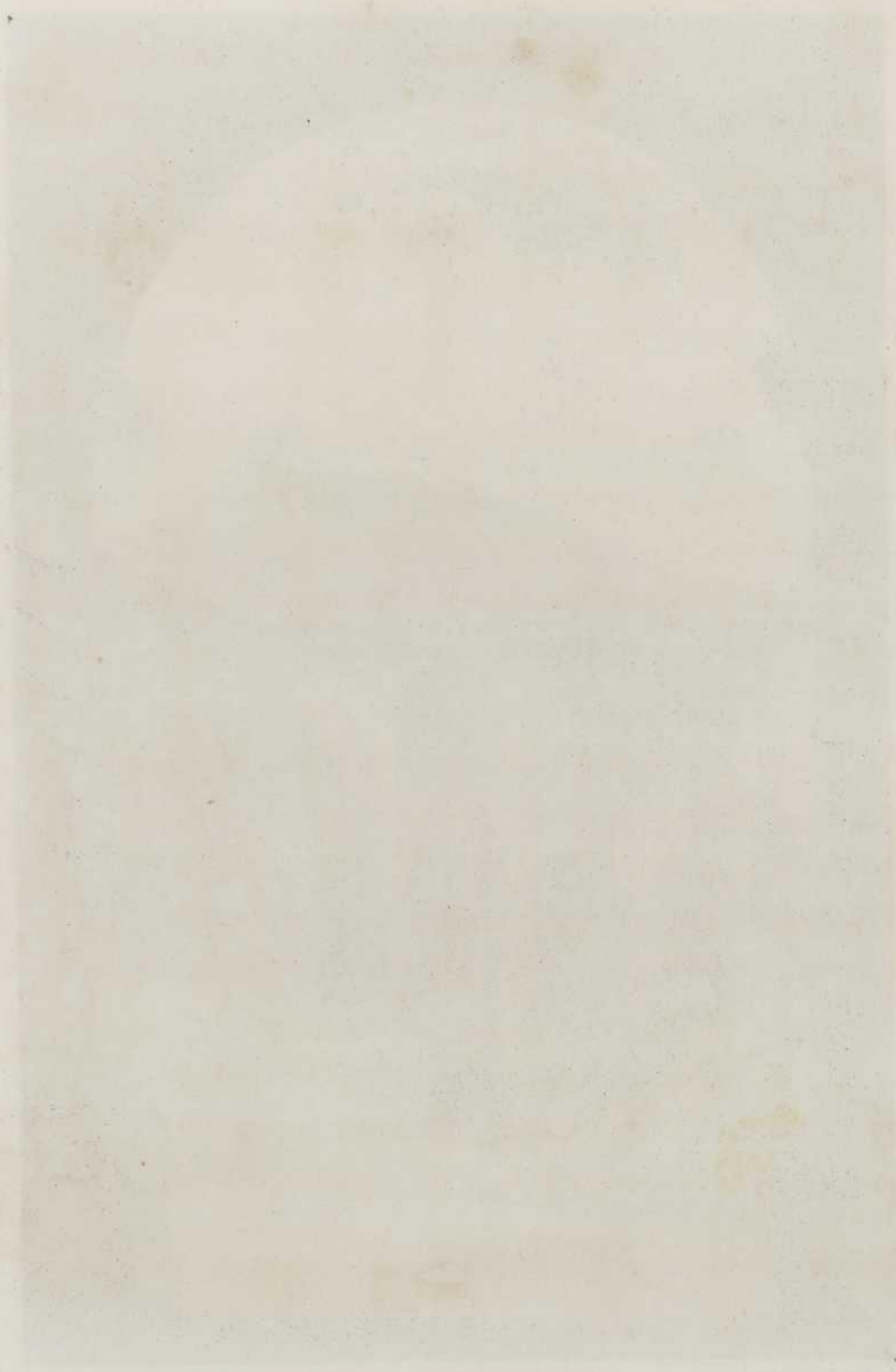


On Stone by W. Walton.

Printed by C. Hullmandel.

PATIO, CONVENT.

Published by Saunders andoley, Conduit Street.



enterprize is achieved; and now we are on the verge of success, for the love of Heaven, Alitea, rouse up all your noble energies in our behalf, or we are lost for ever!"

"Silvano," replied the nun, for in that disguise the fair creature staked her very life for escape, "Silvano, I will, I will do all you wish; but, oh! how my heart throbs, as each of the rough beings around, casts their scrutinizing glances on our dress."

"Heed them not, my beloved Alitea," answered her friend, assuming an air of confidence which he was far from feeling. "Two days have already elapsed since our escape; and the ease with which we have baffled all trace, convinces me that, if pursued at all, the parties seek us far beyond the Rock. But we lose time—here should be the gallant fisherman, who has engaged to carry us in his vessel, far, far away, from all oppression, to the land of liberty and love, which, please the Virgin, we shall soon behold."

"Would to Heaven that it were so!" faintly responded his companion; "but I feel, though I not know why, a horrible, a dreadful presentiment of evil, which nothing

can shake off, until I reach the land of safety you so often speak of."

"Reach it!" rapturously exclaimed the other; "we shall reach it, and that ere long; and see, there tacks the noble galley that will carry us to our future home; and look, my adored Alitea," he added, in a lower tone; "they recognize the signal, and a boat shoves off to our relief."

The only reply which the fair nun offered to her companion's remark, was a gentle pressure of his arm; and eagerly the two figures kept their eyes rivetted on the small skiff, as rapidly it decreased the distance between itself and the land. The boat was pulled by two men only, and in brief time their oars were backed within a few yards of the shore.

"Nearer—nearer!" exclaimed the elder of the apparent merchants. "In the name of Heaven, why stop you there? Two more strokes of the oar, and your shallop will touch the land."

"The water is too shallow for a nearer approach," replied one of the men addressed, in a gruff, husky voice. "Would you have us stave the boat in? It can't be

done!" and with a dogged air of indifference, he rested on his oar, as if determined to abide by his own decision.

"Say you so, senor?" cried the first speaker, fiercely; and, seizing a coil of rope appended to the quay, he sprung at once towards the skiff, with the determination of instantly hauling her towards the shore, for the easier reception of his friend.

It was a bold and daring spring; yet the limbs of the adventurer were firm, and the glance of his quick eye correct, as, collecting his energies, his foot left the marble pavement of the quay, and in an instant pressed the gunwale of the boat. The goal was gained, but for an instant only; for scarcely had the pressure of his weight been added to the frail vessel, when, as if by an imperceptible guidance, she shot rapidly ahead, and the gallant merchant, unavoidably losing his balance, was hurled into the strongest part of the current.

A piercing shriek from the shore responded to the gurgle of the rippling eddy, as the sullen waters closed over the head of their victim.

"Holy Virgin!" exclaimed the sufferer, in an agony

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of terror, her outstretched arms pointing to the spot where the form of her only friend had disappeared; "holy Virgin, we shall meet no more!"

"No more, Alitea!" hoarsely repeated a voice, in a hollow and unearthly tone, "no more." And ere the unfortunate girl could turn her head in the direction whence the sound proceeded, a dark mantle was cast over her person; and the dreaded appearance of two familiars of the Inquisition effectually checked all attempts at rescue, which the first impulse of the bystanders prompted them to offer in her behalf.

Again the discordant voice broke on the ear of the almost unconscious prisoner. "Alitea," it commenced, in accents nearly choked with passion, "Alitea, my sister, well have you prophesied, indeed; but little dreamt you then of the fulfilment of the augury. As you predicted, we *have* met again—and fatal will that meeting prove to *one*, perhaps to both. Ran not the words thus? To *one*," he continued, muttering through his clenched teeth, "to *one*, our meeting has already ushered in destruction; to which of us two it *may* prove fatal, I leave you to propound.

Your words have in dread reality come to pass. We have here met for the last time on earth; and for the last time—we part.”

The voice ceased, and the wretched Alitea, borne along by the myrmidons of tyrannical power, found a temporary relief from her miseries in a brief oblivion of existence.

Cowed, and in silence, each man resumed his interrupted labour; and none were hardy enough to recur to the circumstance, far less had they courage to track the blood-hounds to their lair.

That night, from the garden of the Convent of Friars, lights were seen issuing from many a dark nook of the building, and passing from corridor to corridor, with a haste betokening some unusual and important event; the heavy bell was said to have tolled the death-knell at the midnight hour, but none dared speak openly on the subject; and soon the story of Alitea de Lucerna passed away from the recollection of the crowd.



“Is nothing further known of her ultimate fate?” enquired Delacy.

“Not to a certainty,” replied his friend; “but attend to what follows.”

“It was early in the summer of last year,” continued the narrator, “when repairing some pavement in the hall, which has already been mentioned as having formed part of the chapel aisle belonging to the convent, and which, moreover, was afterwards converted into the banquetting room of the Governor’s house, that the workmen so employed dug up the remains of a skeleton, laid within two or three feet of the surface of the ground. It proved to be the bones of a female; and the only other relic found on the spot, was a small iron crucifix, such as the nuns are reported to have worn in the days I treat of.”



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THE CONVENT from THE GARDEN.

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On Stone by W. Wilson.

“ Well !” eagerly exclaimed Fairlie.

“ Well !” quietly réechoed Osborne ; “ what would you more ?”

“ And was the mystery attached to her captivity never solved ?” asked Delacy.

“ Never !” replied his friend ; “ but is it not more than probable that the site whereon the skeleton was found, formed the place of execution and sepulchre of

‘ THE LOST NUN. ’ ”

“ Well, Osborne,” observed Fairlie, smiling, “ after *that* story, never find fault with me for being sentimental and romantic, let me say or sing whatever I may. Come, Delacy, you seem as doleful as our matter-of-fact friend there. Well, well, if you *will* be dismal, I’ll not baulk your bent ; but, as a true friend, chime in with

‘ The sad and melancholy mood,’

and sing you something to accord with your present humour. Attend—”

THE BROKEN HEART.

ANDANTINO.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. The piano part is in 2/4 time, marked *ANDANTINO* and *pp*. It features a melody in the right hand and a harmonic accompaniment in the left hand. The vocal melody is written in a single staff with lyrics underneath. The lyrics are: "Think you tho' my step be light, And all a --", "round me fair and bright, And joy-----ous tho' my". The score includes various musical notations such as treble and bass clefs, key signatures (two sharps), time signatures, and dynamic markings.

Think you tho' my step be light, And all a --

round me fair and bright, And joy-----ous tho' my

words may flow Think you that grief I can not know?

Oh many an aching bosom's sigh, And oft a smile may

check a sigh; Tho' looks with youth and beauty

beam, All dazzling as a fairy dream.

THE BROKEN HEART.

1.

Think you, though my step be light,
And all around me fair and bright,
And joyous though my words may flow,
Think you, grief I cannot know ?
Oh, many an aching bosom's nigh,
And oft a smile may check a sigh ;
Though looks with youth and beauty beam,
Dazzling as a fairy dream.

2.

Think you, that amid the press
Of laughter, joy, and loveliness,
Care can never wield its sway,
Chasing happiness away ?
Oh ! the fairest cheek may glow ;
Smiles may gild the festive show ;
But they who take the foremost part
In mirth, oft veil a broken heart.

"Upon my word, Fairlie," retorted Osborne, good humouredly, as the last echo of the song died away; "upon my word, you improve in your minstrelsy, and had you lived in the days you are so frequently referring to, would have made an excellent troubadour, in the train of some wandering knight."

"Gramercy, gentle sir," quoth the other, with mock gravity; "I trust in time to return the compliment, as regards your dismal narratives; but at present I confess, I had much rather listen to a tale somewhat less lugubrious than your last, which, if I understand it rightly, had its origin out of those prolific ingredients, a savage brother—perjured nun—and hypocritical monk; who were always abroad at unseasonable hours, and howling forth their miseries in bad weather."

"Gently, gently, Fairlie," interrupted Delacy; "we must not be too hard on Osborne; that will be scarcely fair, after his orational exertions; but here we are at El Rio Primero, and as the sun is beginning to wane, methinks it were better to retrace our steps, unless we prefer remaining outside the gates of the garrison for the night."

"I second the motion decidedly," replied Osborne ;
"but look," he continued, pointing to a corner of the shed
attached to the Venta ; "I marvel much, how that heap of
shot got here."

"Know you not the tale appertaining thereto?" en-
quired Fairlie.

"Not I."

"Nor I, neither !" added Delacy ; "What is it ?"

"Excellent, excellent, truly," laughed the other ; "so
now I am expected to enact the part of Feramoz in Lalla
Rookh, and not only sing my simple lay, but spin my
verses into an interminable narrative. That would be en-
croaching on Osborne's prerogative, indeed."

"Never mind my prerogative," replied the officer
alluded to ; "you need give yourself little trouble on that
head, my friend, so you but relate the story."

"Willingly," was the answer, "provided you turn
your horse's head homeward, instead of gazing on those
rusty round shot, as if you contemplated the transfer of
two at least into each of your coat pockets."

"Nay, man, come along ; and now gentlemen, pay due

attention; though I should first apprise you, I have neither a monk to drown, nor a sister to bury, nor any of Osborne's *dramatis personæ* at hand, to enhance the marvellous; mine is but the detail of an occurrence, which in our profession, comes to pass frequently enough; but the chief recommendation it possesses, rests on its veracity."

"Of that," exclaimed his companions, "we shall hereafter be better able to judge; but pending our decision—proceed."

Fairlie intimated his acquiescence, and commenced the brief memoir of

THE SPANISH LANCER.

I KNOW not whether you *do* know, but if not, you both *ought* to know, that on the 21st of October, 1836, to the great horror of the affrighted neighbours, the Carlist chief, Gomez, made his appearance at Saint Roque, at the head of six or seven thousand men.

The consternation which his visit created among the Christinos, was truly appalling. The town of Algeziras became in great part deserted; the inhabitants of Los Barrios packed up their goods and fled; Gaucin, Castellar, and St. Roque, poured forth their populations; and

all flocked to one common rendezvous for security, under the walls of Gibraltar.

It is not my purpose here, to describe the immense concourse of persons, of both sexes, and all descriptions, who made their appearance at the Lines, many having fled from their homes, without providing in any way against the inconveniences and privations to which so great a panic inevitably subjected them. Animals laden with cumbrous articles of furniture, and packages of every description, were to be seen in abundance; but blankets, tents, culinary utensils, or whatever might be serviceable, under such deplorable circumstances, were either neglected or forgotten.

The impossibility of admitting all these persons within the fortress, may well be conceived; and in truth, such was the immense influx of families momentarily arriving, that the Governor deemed it necessary to take steps for the prevention of further encroachment.

What description of treatment the people expected to receive at the hands of Gomez and his troops, may be gathered from the sensation of terror preceding his arrival,



Printed by J. H. B. B. B. B. B.

GENERAL TAJAS,
from San Roque.

Published by Saunders and W. G. G. G. G. G.

See page 10 of the album.

the absurdity of which, was speedily placed beyond a doubt, when at length, the Carlist chieftain and his army, made their much dreaded appearance.

On the 21st of October, Gomez was at St. Roque ; and about mid-day, Sir Alexander Woodford despatched an aid-de-camp, with instructions to obtain, if possible, an interview with the Spanish general, and there deliver his Excellency's communication in person.

What farther orders the aid-de-camp may have received, or what the tenor of the subject to be conveyed might have been, I cannot pretend to opine ; all I know of the matter is from the officer so employed, and from whom I gathered the facts which I now relate.

Having made himself fully acquainted with the nature of the duty expected, my friend sprung on his horse, and to the great horror of the Spaniards who beheld him, galloped in a direct line to where they deemed certain and unavoidable destruction awaited his coming.

The morning was cool, and the air peculiarly bracing and refreshing, as, pursuing his way, he soon left Campo in the distance, and in high spirits, guided his steed towards St. Roque.

In a very short period, he fell in with the advanced picquets and videttes, by some of the former of which he was conducted to within half a mile of the town, when he was handed over to the charge of a troop of lancers, formed across the high road.

The enquiries to which he was of course subjected, were couched in a peculiarly civil and courteous strain; nor was it long ere he discovered that instead of being the bearer of despatches to a horde of ruffians, he was suddenly cast among a set of men as civilized and pointedly polite, as he might have expected to have met at the most refined tertulia in Madrid.

The usual preliminaries having been observed, an extremely handsome young officer advanced from the centre of his troop; and saluting the Englishman, heard, in reply to his queries, that it was the aid-de-camp's desire to be conducted forthwith to General Gomez.

No sooner was the wish made known, than giving some necessary orders to his men, the Spaniard offered in person to escort my friend to the quarters of his General; which act of courtesy was of course readily accepted, and

together the two young men bent their way towards the town.

As they rode leisurely along, the British officer had full opportunity narrowly to observe his companion ; nor could he avoid being struck with the handsome and soldierlike appearance which his extreme youth greatly enhanced.

His age might have been about nineteen or twenty. He had the full, dark, intellectual eye of his race, the clear olive complexion, the firmly knit limbs, and slender waist of his countrymen ; and above all, that pleasing expression of countenance, which more than half conveys the meaning of the sentence, which a dulcet and melodious voice may give utterance to.

His dress, though widely dissimilar to that of the Lancer of our own land, was well adapted for service, and certainly less cumbersome in ornament, as it was decidedly inferior in cost.

Instead of the square-topped Polish cap, embellished with its drooping plume and gay embroidery, he wore a high chaco, cased in oilskin, and divested of any superfluous

appendage whatever. The jacket was of dark green, faced with the national colour of Spain—yellow; and the red overalls, strapped with leather, and fastened from the waist down to the instep with small silver buttons, constituted his plain, yet soldierlike costume. His arms were simply pistols and a sword; and the spirited white horse which he bestrode, and the excellent condition in which he appeared, spoke greatly in favour of the judgment of the owner, and the care with which his mute companion was tendered.

“You have been in this part of Spain before?” enquiringly asked the Englishman, anxious for a further acquaintance with his new companion; “you have probably visited this neighbourhood frequently, and consequently look for little novelty on this occasion?”

“Pardon me,” replied the lancer, in a gentlemanlike tone, and with a manner so winning and unobtrusive, that it could not fail to please. “Indeed, I never had that pleasure until now; and much I wish,” he added, with somewhat approaching to a sigh, “that my first appearance in Andalusia might have been effected in a more peaceable guise.”

To this of course the aid-de-camp offered no remark, since a soldier on duty is about the last person in the universe who should enter on a political discussion.

"Do you remain long at St. Roque?" enquired my friend, casually.

"My general can best reply to that question," was the somewhat caustic answer; and uttered in a dry tone, with the visible intention of checking all similar enquiries.

"Excuse my forgetfulness," instantly exclaimed the other, on perceiving the erroneous motive which the young lancer attributed to him; "the question I just hazarded, was meant solely in reference to the opportunities which a long sojourn here might afford for exploring the country; and I assure you there are many spots well worth visiting, within an hour's gallop of your quarters."

The short explanation was readily accepted, and the Spaniard continued:—

"I have always had a great wish to see Algeziras—not that I expect much gratification from beholding the town, as I conjecture it must be somewhat allied in appearance to that of other Spanish places in the same scale; but

it so chances that I have acquaintances, or at least *an* acquaintance;" and here there arose a slight tremor in his voice, which the occasion scarce seemed to warrant; "I have an acquaintance dwelling at present in the town, whom it would indeed much delight me to see again."

And thus saying, the young officer stooped, as if to adjust a buckle of his bridle, and possibly to hide some slight confusion, as the said buckle appeared to his companion to be placed in exactly its proper position.

My friend, the aid-de-camp, was no novice in the mysteries of the tender passion, having suffered very considerably in his own person, on more occasions than one; all which embarrassments arose, as he candidly informed me, from the excessive susceptibility of his heart, and his unbounded devotion to the gentler and more perfect sex.

Thus initiated, it required no deep penetration on his part, to arrive at the conclusion, that the handsome lancer was already encircled by those meshes which, of all others, are the most difficult to escape from; and the supposition that his new acquaintance might prove as easy



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THE RAIL-TAKE FROM ALGUESTRAS.
Illustrated by Sanders and May, London Street

On Stone by W. Watson

of capture as had often been his own case, considerably enhanced his interest in the person beside him.

The subject thus fairly started, the Englishman resolved to follow up his attack; and having made two or three remarks relative to the beauty of the Spanish ladies, and of those in Algeziras in particular, dashed boldly at his object.

“Will you favour me with the name of your friend?” he inquired, carelessly; “for knowing many families in this neighbourhood, I can probably afford some information regarding your acquaintance.”

What the reply might have been, conjecture alone may solve; for whether the gentleman addressed could not, or would not answer, none can tell; certain, however, is it, that not a syllable escaped his lips; which, by the bye, is the less singular, since, at that instant, the obnoxious buckle became so exceedingly refractory, as to engage his whole attention in replacing it in its accustomed position; and by the time he had satisfactorily readjusted his reins, so long a period had elapsed since the question was asked, that he seemed to consider it unnecessary to prosecute the matter further.

The two officers now entered St. Roque, and passing the main street, reached a house by no means conspicuous for its superiority over those in other and better parts of the town, but in which the aid-de-camp was informed that Gomez resided: accordingly, they dismounted forthwith, and having entered the building, in a few moments stood in the presence of the Carlist chief.

Never man was more surprized than was our young soldier, when, instead of the brigand captain, armed to the teeth with offensive and defensive weapons of every description, he gazed on a prepossessing countenance, bespeaking a heart more attuned to kindness than to acts of savage cruelty. His dress was extremely simple; fire arms, knife, or sabre—if indeed he wore any—were invisible. His whole appearance more betokened a good-humoured English farmer than a powerful leader; and to complete the sketch, the children of the house were playing unreproved at his foot, and unchecked by a single angry expression, treated him as unceremoniously as they would have conducted themselves towards any of their own family.

The English officer was cordially received, and on his business being made known, Gomez instantly professed his willingness to enter on the subject. What that subject was, (again said Fairlie, interrupting the thread of his narrative,) of course I know not; but whether satisfactory to the chief or otherwise, he maintained the same placidity of features, after the communication had been made, which he pourtrayed at the commencement of the interview.

The political conference over, Gomez introduced the English officer to his staff, among whom the young lancer occupied a distinguished place.

Coffee and cigars, the greatest compliment a Spaniard can offer, were handed round, and conversation assumed a general and most agreeable tone.

Nothing whatever was introduced, having the most distant allusion to politics; in fact, the officers assembled, taking their cue from the chief, appeared anxious with one accord, to avoid all reference to a subject, which for many reasons, might prove distasteful to both parties. The conversation referred chiefly to the adjacent localities, and

many were the enquiries demanded of the aid-de-camp, relative to Algeiras; and the laughing glance from the eyes of the Spanish officers, on such occasions, invariably directed towards the lancer, convinced the Englishman, that more persons were in the secret of his attachment, than himself.

Thus occupied, time wore away, and so fast flew the minutes, that at length, my friend's watch warned him to depart.

He had just risen for the purpose of thanking Gomez for his hospitable reception, when a cannon shot, reverberating in the distance, seemed greatly to astonish all present.

A dead silence immediately ensued, which was as speedily broken by another, and another report.

"From what direction come those shots?" enquired Gomez, of an officer, standing immediately beside him.

"From the direction of Algeiras, senor, if I mistake not," was the reply.

The aid-de-camp glanced at the countenance of the young lancer, and evidently there was a magic in the name

of Algeiras, which seemed most wondrously to affect the expression of his features.

"Has the detachment yet moved?" again asked the chief.

"Two hours back, senor," was the response.

In that case," replied the Carlist general, "it must be the gun boats firing at the men, while marching along the beach, towards the town; some one ride and ascertain."

Scarcely had the words passed his lips, and before any other of his staff could well reply, the lancer, pressing forward, voluntarily took the duty on himself.

As he made his request, I again perceived a good-humoured smile pass over the sun-burnt features of nearly every officer present; and the kind-natured Gomez himself, could not wholly suppress a laugh at the young man's earnestness.

Why, they were all so much amused at his predilection for Algeiras, gentlemen, (said Fairlie,) I know as little as yourselves, but the attraction must have been powerful, let it have arisen from what source it may.

"Remember," remarked Gomez, when delivering his

orders ; “remember, I send you merely to ascertain what is going on between this and Algeziras—there will be no occasion for your prosecuting your researches so far as the town itself—you understand me, I doubt not.” When, bowing, as if in testimony of obedience to his chief’s commands, the young soldier turned to depart.

As he was leaving the room, an involuntary feeling, for which my friend afterwards vainly endeavoured to account, induced him to advance towards his new acquaintance, and frankly proffer his hand, which was instantly grasped by the other, with the warm cordiality of a soldier.

“Farewell,” said the Englishman, smiling; “and don’t forget,” he added, with an arch expression, tending to impress on the Spaniard, his perfect knowledge of his secret; “don’t forget General Gomez’s order, *not* to go to Algeziras.”

“Certainly not,” was the reply; and uttering his farewell, accompanied by a laugh, and a heightened colour, which in a lady, might have been denominated a blush, he sprung to his saddle, and his gallant horse bore him from the sight in an instant.

The party thus left, seemed little to relish the report of cannon shots, which were now frequently and clearly audible; and feeling that his presence among them must necessarily in a great measure check the conversation of the group, the Englishman at length departed.

Gomez, in person, saw him to the door of the mansion, where his horse and trumpeter awaited his return, together with an escort of Carlist lancers, for the purpose of accompanying him on his road.

As they neared the seaside, the Englishman naturally turned his head in the direction from whence the firing proceeded, and then beheld, not only the Spanish gunboats, but also an English vessel, firing upon a detachment of Carlists, who, *en route* to Algeziras, and not dreaming of any opposition being offered, were leisurely pursuing their march by the beach.

This anything but friendly salute, however, roughly awoke them from their dream of security; and turning suddenly to the right, they continued their progress under shelter of the numerous sandhills around.

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From the spot where the aid-de-camp then stood, he dismissed the lancers, and for a time, remained gazing on the boats beneath him.

The firing had wholly ceased, and no vestige could be discerned of the attack, save the cloud of white smoke, as it hovered over the scene of action.

Nothing further of note was visible, so turning his horse's head, he slowly pursued his way towards the lines.

"There is a party of troops between us and the town, sir," hastily exclaimed the trumpeter to his officer, on seeing a small body approaching.

Thus recalled from his reverie, my friend strained his sight towards the spot indicated, when the truth of the trumpeter's report was made manifest.

"They seem to be carrying something between them, sir," was the next remark.

"True," rejoined the officer; "but as we bear a flag of truce, and moreover, have Gomez's pass, we shall indisputably remain unmolested; therefore, put spurs to your horse, and follow:" and instantly setting the example, he

pressed the gallant animal he bestrode, with his sharp heel, and in a few seconds, reached the party in question.

Hastily reining in his steed, he was about to address the person apparently in command, when the sight which met his eye, precluded the necessity of seeking any verbal information.

Bitterly he then repented his uncalled for interference, since his presence could avail nothing; neither could the recollection of what he beheld, pass from his memory for months.

In the centre of a small body of infantry, borne by six men, and wrapped in a blanket, lay all that remained of the handsome lancer, who, but a short half hour since, elate with joy and spirits, had pressed him by the hand, and in the common parlance of the world, uttered his "farewell." Poor fellow, he little knew it would be the last farewell his lips were ever doomed to breathe.

The countenance of the young soldier was deadly pale; and nothing, save the unearthly brilliancy of the eye, whose restless glances bore testimony of his acute suf-

fering, forbade the supposition that his companions gazed upon a corpse.

He appeared unconscious of everything passing around—the sense of suffering, in due time, seemed to have left him: his face momentarily assumed a more pallid hue, while the small black moustache—the pride of budding manhood—contrasted awfully with the livid lips whereon it rested.

He was evidently beyond all human aid; and as the English officer, in the kindest manner, endeavoured to cool his marble brow with water, the spirit of the handsome boy, as if loath to quit so fair a tenement, for an instant hovered around, the expression of his eyes beaming thanks towards his brother soldier; and in the following moment spread its wings, and quitted the mutilated form for ever.

From what information my friend could gather on the spot, it appeared that of all the shots fired that day, but

one took effect ; but that one, passing through the body of the noble charger I have before mentioned, shattered in an instant both the legs of the ill-fated youth. Medical aid there was none ; and all his comrades could avail in his behalf, was to hasten the wounded man towards St. Roque ; but ere the party could reach the town, the object of their solicitude no longer needed aid from human hands.

“ What became of the lady ? ” asked Delacy ; but regardless of the query, Fairlie continued :—

“ When readjusting the disordered dress of the corpse, ere he left it for ever, my friend the aid-de-camp caught a glimpse of a small locket suspended on his breast. He could not resist the temptation to gaze on the miniature ; and in the delicate painting which he held in his hands, to his unspeakable astonishment, immediately recognised the features of —— ”

"Of whom?" eagerly exclaimed both the other officers.

"He never told me whom," drily replied Fairlie; and putting spurs to his horse, crossed the drawbridge, as the gates were closing for the night.

OH! DO NOT BID ME LEAVE THEE.

LENTO.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a piano introduction in E-flat major, 4/4 time, marked 'LENTO.'. The introduction features a series of chords and arpeggiated figures in the right hand, with a more active bass line in the left hand. The vocal melody enters in the third system, starting with a half note 'Oh!' followed by eighth notes. The lyrics are: 'Oh! do not bid me leave.... thee, And see... my hopes de--'. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more active bass line. The score concludes with the lyrics: '--cay.... Thou know'st not how'twill grieve.... me, To'. The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord in the right hand and a sustained bass note in the left hand.

Oh! do not bid me leave.... thee, And see... my hopes de--

--cay.... Thou know'st not how'twill grieve.... me, To

tear my---self a---way. Oh! deem not..... when an--

o-----ther Pays ho--mage at thy shrine; Thou

e-----ver wilt dis--co--ver A love A

love so.... pure... as mine....

OH, DO NOT BID ME LEAVE THEE!

1.

Oh! do not bid me leave thee,
And see my hopes decay;
Thou know'st not how 'twill grieve me,
To tear myself away.
Oh! deem not, when another
Pays homage at thy shrine,
Thou ever wilt discover
A love so pure as mine.

2.

Though smiles may beam around thee,
And forms of brightest hue,
And all that lures surround thee,
Thou'lt find no breast so true.
A child may crush a flower;
But can he e'er restore
The mischief of that hour?
Oh, no! it blooms—no more.

"Where on earth have you been, Delacy?" exclaimed Osborne, the following morning, on seeing his friend approach in somewhat disordered dress.

"Your question," replied the other, "is more pertinent to the case than possibly you may imagine; since not only have I been *on* the earth, but some distance *in* the earth, and, moreover, no inconsiderable depth *below* the earth, early as the hour may seem."

"Turned geologist, I presume," chimed in Fairlie, who at that moment joined the party; "and mean to devote the remainder of your existence to disturbing the ground in quest of the bones of defunct animals, and long since departed fishes?"

"Not I, indeed," answered Delacy; "my occupations soar not so high."

"Say, rather, dive not so deep," interrupted his friend.

"Well, well, Fairlie," said Osborne, "be it as you will—high or low—it is a study which perchance may need wiser persons than you or me to master. But, Delacy," he added, "you have not yet unravelled your riddle."

"That requires but very little difficulty," was the answer; "in brief, I have been taking a sketch of Martin's Cave."

"Martin's Cave!" instantly responded Fairlie, in a mixed tone of surprise and pleasure; "Martin's Cave! the very head-quarters of spirits—the abode of one of the most powerful, and at the same time revengeful, demons that ever influenced the acts of men. I wish I had known your intention: but tell me, Delacy, did you see—not exactly the spirit himself, of course—but did you observe anything in that extraordinary spot in the slightest degree approaching the supernatural?"

"I assure you, Fairlie," laughingly answered the officer, "nothing met my view in the most distant manner indicative of the presence of the Fiend in whom you appear to take so lively an interest; neither, in truth, was I conscious that in merely entering the cave, I was trespassing upon the property of so powerful a gentleman: had I been aware of my transgression, perchance, I had been more cautious."

"And have written a note beforehand, requesting permission?" added Osborne, in the same good-humoured strain.

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"I can assure you," interrupted Fairlie, "that however inclined *you* may be to jest on the subject, and treat it thus lightly, the time *has* been, when to speak slightly on the matter might have been attended with rather disagreeable consequences."

"Come, come, Fairlie," exclaimed the other officer, "surely you are not going to enact the part of champion to his ghostship, and challenge to the death all such as dispute his sovereignty?"

"Not precisely," was the answer; "but I trust both of you will allow that in all ages, and among all nations, the existence of supernatural beings, dwelling near the haunts of men, and influencing, with their magic powers, the affairs of mortals, has found numerous disciples, and gained unbounded credence from millions."

"What then?" enquired Osborne.

"Why, this much," he continued; "if you acknowledge the justness of what I have stated, let me ask if it be probable that a spot of ground rising as it were from the bosom of the ocean, in all its isolated grandeur, and retaining, within its deep recesses, enormous caverns and

many a dark abyss ; some of which will, in all probability, remain unfathomed for ever ; is it probable, I repeat, that of all the known dwellings of man, a place so circumstanced by nature should have passed into the hands of the superstitious Moor, and from them have been handed over to the romantic Spaniard, without claiming the interference of a powerful and unearthly agent, in whom was grafted the possibility of maturing events as might best suit his interest or his humour ?”

“ The sprite, or whatever his name may be, must be a very ungrateful Imp, if he does not feel highly flattered at the warmth with which you espouse his cause,” remarked Osborne.

“ Really,” replied the other, “ you put me out of all patience with your dull matter-of-fact incredulity. Do you mean to dispute that such *was* the belief in former days ?”

“ *I* dispute it ?” rejoined Osborne, with a mock appearance of surprise. “ *I* dispute that in the olden time Spirits and Demons ran about settling the affairs of mortals ? My dear fellow, how can I presume to doubt that

the dark ages gave credit to such belief, when I behold so enlightened a person as yourself stoutly advocate the cause in the nineteenth century. Far be it from me to contradict so plausible and rational a supposition."

"Osborne," replied Fairlie, "you are incorrigible; and to hold further converse with you were worse than useless; so not choosing to give up my sprite, I will fain address myself to Delacy, and crave his attention for a time."

"I shall be delighted to listen," was the answer; "and if not wholly agreeing, I promise not to interrupt you."

"When the belief which Osborne holds in such derision was prevalent," continued Fairlie, "numerous were the varieties of the genus in question; for exclusive of Sprites, there were Gnomes, Imps, Fiends, Fairies, and many other classes thereunto pertaining; but under whatever denomination they flourished, each and all evinced an unwarrantable partiality for interference with the affairs of others; and many betrayed a strong predilection for the blessings and luxuries distributed among men."

“ More than a single instance is recorded where a Sprite of excellent taste peremptorily insisted on one of Eve's fair daughters becoming his bride, ere he would exert his supernatural abilities in favour of the supplicants.

“ None will deny, that this description of Demon, far surpassed in civilization, their more ignoble brethren, whose principal delight was derived from bewitching cattle, and terrifying respectable old ladies, who might chance to cross commons, or traverse woods, at an advanced period of the night.

“ Having thus showed that Gibraltar was equally entitled to the protection of a demon, with any other less remarkable place, you will probably be glad to hear, that the spirit here presiding, was a member of the more refined class of incorporate bodies ; and so dazzling, and elaborately splendid had been his appearance when deigning to honour his subjects with a visit, that he was known far and wide, by the appellation of

‘ THE SILVER SPRITE. ’

“ Tradition affirms, that beings of this description,

though presuming to hold man in sovereign contempt, and consequently viewing them as immeasurably their inferiors, have, notwithstanding, condescended to pourtray some of the very worst passions of human nature; and further, wholly regardless of the opinions of others, have not hesitated to boast loudly of their evil propensities, and unblushingly declare their bad intentions.

“Whether the disposition of the Gibraltar Demon partook more of good, or of evil, the sequel of my tale will declare; of one thing, however, I may inform you, which is, that he had a most decided partiality for his own opinion, and, as is often the case with very obstinate old gentlemen, the more indisputably he found himself in the wrong, the more pertinaciously determined was he in enforcing his point.

“There were several dwellings, which by general consent were handed over as his abodes, rent-free; and among others, St. Michael’s and St. Martin’s caves, were supposed to find most favour in his sight.

“The tutelary deity having been thus introduced, I commence my story of

THE MOORISH MAID.

FROM the year seven hundred and twelve, when Tarif Eben Zarca, a renowned Moorish general, under Caliph Almalid Eben Abdalmalic, took possession of Gibraltar, until the fourteenth century, when it fell into the hands of the Spaniards, during the reign of Ferdinand, king of Castile, the Rock remained in the undisturbed possession of the Saracens.

For upwards of seven hundred years, the Moors held Gibraltar as their own ; but, as history proves ever to have been the case with all countries and nations, the period at

length arrived, when the disputed possession was to pass away, and fall subject to the dominion of another power.

With a small garrison, harassed with fatigue, and enfeebled by famine, the young Moorish chief, for months, kept his enemy in check, and heedless of the superiority of force, and numerous advantages in favour of the beseigers, the unextinguished gallantry and determined valor of the Moors, still retained them without the walls.

Notwithstanding the resignation and quiet submission with which the Saracens heard and obeyed each mandate, which of necessity encreased their privations; and although all families cheerfully added to the common stock whatever they possessed, rather than yield to the power of the Christians, still they could not disguise from themselves, that unless their troops were speedily reinforced from Africa, and their nearly expended stores more replenished, it would be utterly impracticable to hold out much longer.

Death by the spear, or in the breach, held out no terrors to the Moorish warriors; but when gaunt famine, with her long train of miseries, stalked unchecked abroad,

and when their best and dearest were hourly falling around, not by the sword, but by disease, the flame of patriotism must have burnt brightly in the breasts of those, who, gazing from their battered walls, could behold the rich country beyond, beaming with plenty, and not throw open their gates, and rush to partake of the tantalizing blessings.

Yet so it was; the last particle of substance which could by ingenuity be converted into food, had been distributed—not a vestige of succour was discernible—valor and suffering seemed to avail nothing—hope was for the most part extinguished; and the glory of the crescent, trembled to its base.

Yet not a thought of capitulation harboured for an instant in the bosoms of Gibraltar's gallant defenders. There they stood, the conquerors of many a hard fought field; the bravest, the most intellectual and refined race of the age, wasted with famine, worn by toil, but determined to hold good their own, while the arm of a single Moor had strength to wield his scimitar in defence.

The sun was setting in the far west, gilding with his parting rays, the glittering arms, and splendid panoply of the besiegers, as, spread out to a great extent, their many coloured tents, and gorgeous pavilions, lay stretched along the plain, immediately beneath the Moorish Castle, the stronghold of the besieged.

There was music and revelry within the camp ; mirth and feasting held undivided sway : for, well acquainted with the sufferings of the enemy, the Spaniards at length anticipated the speedy downfall of the Moors. The tinkling of the light guitar, and echo of the castanet, were borne upon the air ; and the busy hum of thousands, interrupted only by the joyous laugh or merry song, rose from the plains beneath, and pouring forth its sound, as it were in derision, round the walls that skirted the splendid abode of the Saracen, died away in the distance.

Different, ah ! how widely different was the scene then portrayed within the chambers of that sumptuous palace. The clang of cymbals, and the softer melody of the lute, resounded not—all was hushed ; and the long

marble corridors where formerly were wont to loiter many of the noblest who thronged the court, now spoke but of the step of some half-famished wretch, whose wasted form might be discerned gliding from spot to spot in search of a poor morsel wherewith to allay the horrid craving of hunger.

The court was deserted—the neigh of the gallant chargers was hushed for ever—not an animal could be seen, for all had long since fallen a sacrifice to the pressing wants of man.

No soldiers were visible from the ramparts—no sign of life could the Spaniards recognize; and the banner of the Moslem, as its massive folds of gold caught the last glance of the setting sun, and faintly stirred with the breeze, seemed all that was endowed with motion within the dreary fortress.

Darkness soon overspread the land, and by degrees the murmur of the multitude subsided, and all seemed wrapped in sleep; yet occasionally the dark outline of a figure cased in steel, would, for an instant, obscure the red brilliancy of the watch-fire; and ever and anon the heavy

tread of armed men, repairing to their posts, told that death had not as yet claimed all his victims.

In the courts of the deserted castle, instead of hundreds of flambeaux, whose ruddy glare might almost have turned night into day, flickered here and there, as if about to expire in its loneliness, some solitary lamp half extinguished in its silver cresset. In short, so dimly lighted were the lofty passages and splendid corridors of that once magnificent building, that although well accustomed to the precincts of the palace, it was with some apparent difficulty that a figure wound his way amid the numerous vestibules which on all sides opened into suites of gorgeous chambers.

Slowly and alone the footsteps of the young warrior pressed the many-coloured mosaic pavement, and regardless of the gilded roof and enamelled pillars, which in happier days had been his delight to scrutinize, passed by these mute memorials of former grandeur, which contrasted sadly with the desolation around.

It was the Moorish chieftain, one of the few brave spirits yet left to struggle against the overwhelming power

of the foe, and then doomed to follow his companions, and find rest within the narrow limits of a soldier's and an honourable grave.

His arms were crossed upon his bosom ; and his head, cased in the silver helm, and surmounted with the lofty plume, drooped, as in an attitude of deep thought, upon his breast. He was enveloped in the many folds of the white haik, gracefully cast around his figure ; but his more than common height and boldness, spoke him a noble scion of the gallant house from which he sprung.

Passing thus along—his mind evidently carrying his thoughts far from the spot whereon he stood—his walk was suddenly arrested, and as it were involuntarily, at one of the many casements opening upon a marble court below.

The moon had by this time risen, and with her silvery light enhanced the beauty of all objects around.

In the centre of the open space beneath, gushed forth the clear water from an enamelled fountain, refreshing with its diamond shower the velvet turf, which the hot noon-day sun had parched and darkened with his rays.

Interspersed among the elaborately carved jasper pillars supporting the gilded balcony from whence he gazed, and shedding around a delicious fragrance, emanating from their myriads of blossoms, flowers and sweet scented shrubs innumerable lavished their perfume on the still night; while, in the distance, its splendid dome reflecting back the soft rays of the moon, rose, towering above all other portions of the building, the golden crescent of the Moorish mosque.

As the bright glance of his dark eye fell on the house of prayer, Kasbin appeared in an instant to recall his truant thoughts, and bending forward, as in the attitude of supplication, exclaimed aloud,

“ Spirit of my fathers ! you who now dwell in the land of joy—the garden of the prophet, aid me, I implore you, in this most dread emergency. Oh ! for a portion of those countless hosts, whose overpowering valour wrested from the hands of the Spaniard this glorious country, which for so many centuries we have swayed.

“ For myself, gladly would I lay down my existence, if, by such sacrifice, good might revert to our cause ; but,

gracious Allah!" he continued, extending his arms towards Heaven, "if succour be not sent us from above, from whence may we seek aid?"

"It is true the Christian still clamours vainly at our gates, and as fruitlessly endeavours to approach with his unhallowed steps, the precincts of our holy mosque; but for how long can aught avail against his power?"

"The few warriors yet left to combat for our faith, sink from hunger and disease; our energies are fast waning away; and the small strength yet remaining can but suffice to drag their exhausted frames to some spot, where in peace and quiet they may lay them down and die.

"But even this, great Allah! aye, this, and much, much more of evil would we willingly bear, if those, whom we prize far more than life, could be rescued from the agonies fast accumulating around us. Allah! Allah!" he exclaimed, his voice almost choked with emotion, "this it is that unnerves our arms, and renders the bravest warrior but little other than a woman."

And burying his face within his hands, the hot tears

of misery found vent down the sun-burnt visage of the haughty Moor.

Overwhelmed with the reflection of the dreadful state to which his people were reduced, and wholly incapable of devising any method whereby to ameliorate their miserable condition, the young chieftain heeded not the light sound of a footstep, as it glided towards him; nor did he appear to notice the gentle pressure of a small hand affectionately resting on his arm.

“Kasbin, my beloved Kasbin!” feebly commenced a voice, which, musical even in that dread hour, must have sounded with almost magic sweetness in the days of happiness and joy; “why weep you thus, Kasbin? Why brood over our miseries? Of what avail is it that you pour out your deep sorrows in lamentation?—or rather,” she exclaimed, in a low tone of deep dejection, “why do I come and thus taunt with my unavailing regrets and heedless enquiries, him, whom of all the world I would gladly sacrifice my life to save. Kasbin, my beloved Kasbin, speak, oh! speak to me!”

The young chief thus appealed to, slowly raised his

head, and passing one arm around the waist of the beautiful form of the Moorish maid, fondly pressed her to his aching bosom. Then turning her lovely features so as to gain thereon the light of the fair moon, he looked earnestly on her intelligent but pallid face.

Sorrowful, yet affectionate in the extreme, was the expression of his fine countenance, while thus watching the lineaments of her, whom of all things on earth his heart most doted on. But what could his scrutinizing glance detect? Was he doubtful of her plighted faith? Did he fear the fickleness of her on whom his eyes rested? Oh, no, no—far other thoughts disturbed the repose of his mind. The searching gaze was bent to mark the ravages of famine—to track each furrow prematurely stamped on that clear brow by the ruthless hand of hunger—nay, of actual starvation. The large dark eye beamed as fondly on him as of yore, but there was a wildness in the look, and a feverish anxiety in the extended pupil, well according with the bloodshot veins around.

Legibly were the sufferings of that tender being, there written in broad characters never to be mistaken; and too

well versed in the dread study, had the Moorish chief become, to misinterpret for an instant the visible proofs before him.

His heart was too full for utterance—he felt the utter impossibility of giving vent to his feelings in words—and what indeed could words avail? He attempted not to speak—but again drawing the fair maiden towards him, and imprinting a kiss on her pale forehead, folded her within his arms, as if in that embrace he would shield her from every woe which might seek to penetrate her bosom.

The appearance which the two beautiful figures presented, was melancholy in the extreme. Alone, deprived of all the glittering splendour to which from their infancy they had been accustomed—divested of attendance, and literally in want of the common necessities of life; they stood encircled within each other's arms—their looks bent towards the clear Heaven, mentally imploring assistance from some power far superior to mortal aid.

Blanched and wan were the countenances of both; yet notwithstanding the miseries they had encountered,

and the dreadful prospect which the future seemed to hold forth, they appeared in that hour of wretchedness more touchingly interesting than when surrounded by all the galaxy of beauty, and voluptuous magnificence of their more happy days.

The deep silence was broken only by the gurgling sound of the cool water, as it descended in numerous fantastic arches, into the font below; even the song of the nightingale was hushed, and nothing disturbed the quiet of the scene.

“Kasbin,” at length murmured the soft, yet trembling voice of the maiden; “Kasbin, know you not, that one means of evading the horrors which are fast closing around our devoted heads, yet remains?—one step still exists, whereby the evil destiny which pursues us, may be averted?”

“Visna, my beloved Visna,” replied the Moor; “deeply have I pondered over that dread and last resource, and strenuously have I wrestled against the temptation, prompting me to embrace the terrific alternative; yet how to combat otherwise with evil, Allah, great Allah only knows.

It is a step which, when once pursued, can never be retraced—a horrible compact, which once entered on, *must* be fulfilled, and seldom terminating, but in blood. Little, aye, little indeed, my own adored Visna, can your pure mind fathom the accursed conditions, on which alone succour from that source may be granted.”

“Nay, nay, Kasbin,” was the gentle and affectionate reply, “why harbour such fantasies?—’tis true I know not, nor indeed heed I, what the terms may be, so that by their fulfilment, all I most love be restored to happiness, and the dark cloud of sorrow, which for so long a period has pressed your brow, be chased away for ever, and peace and happiness again become our own.”

“Oh, that this dreadful epoch in our existence might be erased from our memory,” exclaimed the young chief; “would that it might be buried in oblivion, and willingly, most willingly, would I resign all recollection of bygone splendour, if permitted to revisit the beloved shores of our own country; and with you, dearest Visna, by my side, wander amid those delicious groves, and shady forests, whose enchanting beauties, I much fear, Allah has decreed, no more shall meet our gaze.”

"Nourish not such horrible forebodings," answered his companion; "but rather turn your thoughts towards the only means of succour left. Why not at once invoke the dread Spirit of our house, and boldly claim the intercession of his powerful aid? You see, my Kasbin," continued the beautiful girl, with a faint attempt at playfulness in her tone; "you see, Visna has yet sufficient courage to propose so daring an enterprise; aye, and if need," she added, speaking in a slower and far more serious tone, "if need be, firmness to demand the boon even from the Fiend himself."

"Visna," mournfully replied the other, "you little know the danger you would thus voluntarily court. Centuries have followed centuries since our fathers sought and obtained the superhuman interference of the Silver Sprite, and dearly was that assistance purchased: for the mysterious being of whom we speak, has never granted a petition without demanding some awful sacrifice in return."

"But what sacrifice *could* be demanded, which would not readily be granted," replied Visna, "if we be but freed from the thralldom of the Christian? What can be

claimed at our hands, that we should basely hesitate to grant, in order to insure so vast a blessing?"

"You know not what you utter, Visna," groaned her companion, with a shudder; and, turning from the lovely form beside him, leant for support against the sculptured balustrade.

"Nay, nay, my own loved Kasbin!" cried the terrified girl, on beholding the deadly paleness that instantly overspread his features. "For the love of Allah, look not thus so hopelessly wretched. All, everything of evil can I patiently suffer, save to see you thus so utterly miserable: and look," she continued, in the winning accent of entreaty, and directing his attention to the fountain beneath; "but an instant back, Kasbin, and not another living thing, save ourselves, appeared to breathe within these all but deserted walls; yet now behold that small, timid bird, laving his bright plumage in the clear stream, and uttering his sweet melodious note, as if sent from some far and lovely region, to bid us hope, and tender promise of a happier future."

"Would that, in like manner, I could read the omen, dearest Visna; but, to my interpretation," interrupted the

young Moor, "it betokens rather the last farewell of a bright and heavenly vision, which, ere torn from us for ever, assumes a more enchanting and endearing form ; and see, Visna," he added, drawing the trembling maid towards him, "even now he spreads forth his glossy wings, and rising from the marble font, soars upwards, far beyond the sight, and leaves us here to desolation and death."

"Why still linger on the darkest side of the prospect before us, Kasbin?" was the immediate reply. "You speak of the power of the dread Spirit, and repeat the received tradition, that never has he aided mortal, without demanding tenfold recompense. Yet, what further add the tales which have been handed down for ages upon ages past? Is there not some alleviation from the doom?"

"Full well I know," answered Kasbin, "if those who demand the boon, be pure and free from wickedness, and if, moreover, the assistance sought be not for the gratification of evil purposes, little will the threats of the Spirit avail to work them personal harm. Yet there is much, much that may be demanded, my dearest Visna, which rather than grant—But come, come, my beloved," he

added, suddenly discontinuing the subject, "the cold air suits but little with your fragile frame. Let us to the Mosque, and there pray for aid and assistance to support us under this dreadful calamity."

"Willingly," she replied; "and if I point out good reason why you should avail yourself of the only chance of extrication from our difficulties, which the Prophet has placed within our reach, will you promise to embrace it?"

"And seek assistance from the Silver Sprite, Visna?"

"Aye!" was the response; "for my sake, your own, and for that of all your people, Kasbin, my own loved Kasbin, promise me but this—"

"Then be it as you will, Visna; but Allah forbid that my horrible anticipations should be realized!"

And placing his arm around the slender waist of the lovely girl, he supported her trembling steps towards the Mosque.

Day had not yet dawned, when, enveloped in their white haiks, the Moorish chieftain and his beloved compa-

nion threaded the mazes of their princely halls; and issuing forth upon the hill, slowly bent their way towards the eastern side of the Rock.

The moon was yet sufficiently in the ascendant, to cast the long dark shadows of the cypress across the path of the wanderers, and guide their steps as they traversed the dangerous and uneven road that led to their destination.

Not a syllable did either utter, as their feeble footsteps pressed the many flowers which, on every side, breathed fragrance around. Their minds were too full of painful associations, to give vent to their misery in words. How often together had they wandered, in joyous glee, over the very ground which now they paced with so dejected a mien? How often, from the many shrubs and numerous plants which lay crushed beneath their tread, had Kasbin, in the hours of happiness, woven the sweet-scented garland with which, in playfulness, he decked the luxuriant tresses of his Moorish maid? From the very spot where they then stood, often had they gazed in rapture on the glorious beauties of the setting sun. Not a portion of

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that small territory had they explored together, but was indelibly stamped on the recollection of each, by some delightful association of happiness too superlatively blessed to last. And now—but who can describe the many and conflicting feelings which agitated their bosoms in that hour, when all they prized, when every hope, which since infancy they had cherished, was fast fleeing away? All—all appeared lost; and yet they clung to each other's love more firmly than ever; and at that period when death, confronting them as it were with his hideous aspect, waited impatiently for his prey, the best, the noblest affections of our nature twined themselves more firmly around their young hearts; and whatever evil Fate might yet determine to pour upon their devoted heads, so that they encountered adversity together, they felt the worst was shorn of more than half its terrors.

“If your resolution fail you, Visna,” uttered Kasbin, in a hoarse and hollow tone, “if you regret the step

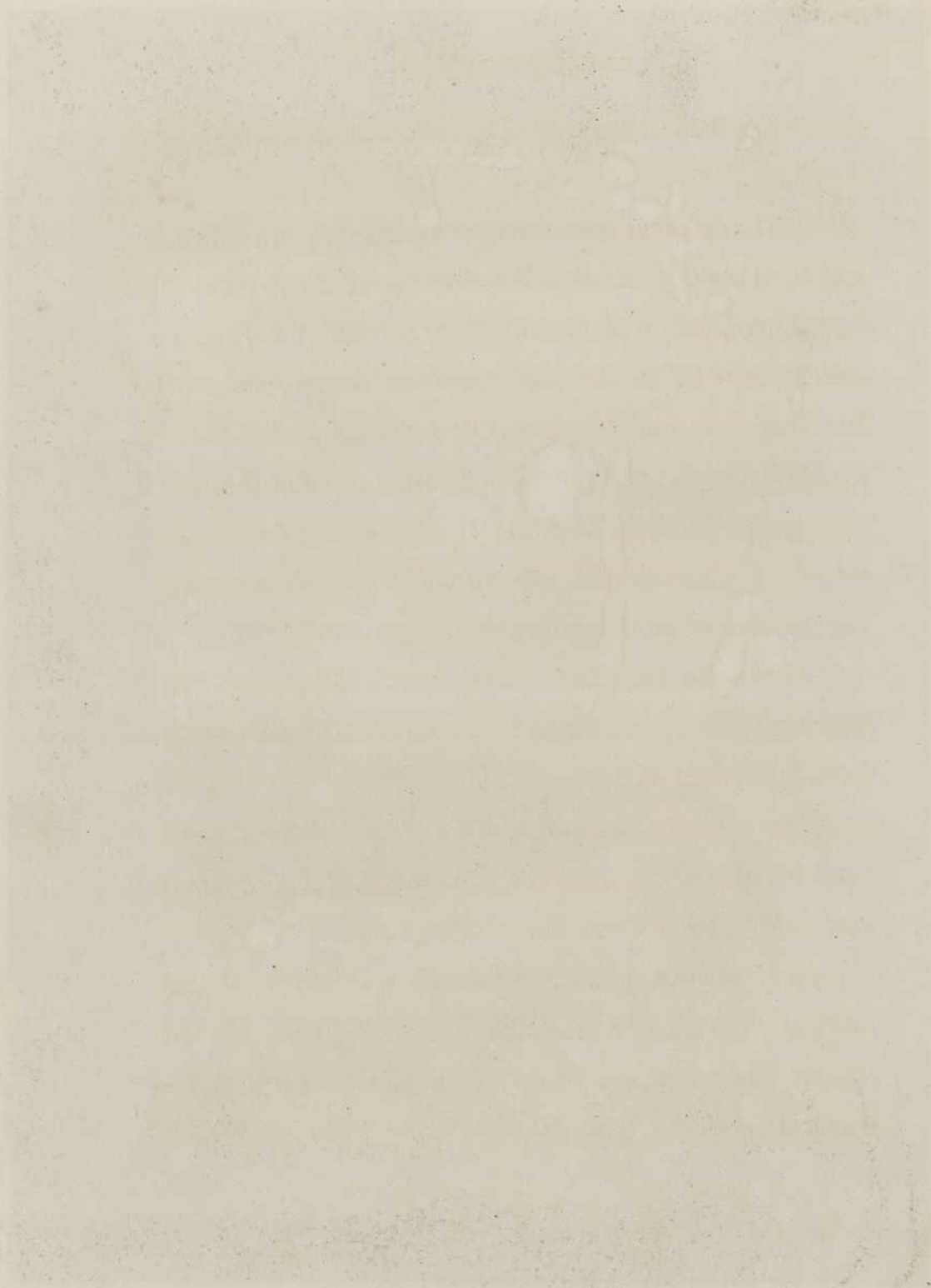


Sketch of the interior

HEATHEN'S CAVE.

Engraved by J. G. Smith from the original by W. H. Stiles.

Engraved by W. H. Stiles.



you have thus taken, there is yet time to retrace our way?"

"My determination remains unshaken," she replied; and together they reached the entrance of the cavern.

The situation of the aperture beneath the Mediterranean stairs is, at this day, difficult of access, and much less frequently visited than the more generally known excavation recognised by the Spaniards as Saint George's, and by the English, as Saint Michael's Cave; and what means of approach the ingenuity of the eighth century may have supplied, remains unknown; but relics which, at various periods, have been there found, indisputably bear testimony that its existence had been ascertained even in those far distant days.

The entrance to St. Martin's Cave is not at all calculated to attract the attention of a casual observer, but if explored, will well repay the trouble.

An immense quantity of rough and shattered particles of the rock first meets the eye, which, when crossed, the interior of the cave, in all its fairy beauty, stands revealed.

To view it in perfection, a sufficient number of flam-beaux should be placed in various directions, thoroughly to illuminate the most extraordinary appearance of the interior. In short, when lit up, the coup-d'œil more resembles one of those brilliant pantomime scenes, which the genius of Stanfield alone can pourtray, than anything which imagination can figure as in reality existing.

The roof, covered with a most beautiful frothy substance, reflecting from myriads of shining flakes, the lights exposed, and being of a glittering whiteness, seems as a canopy of burnished silver, from whence beam forth stars innumerable.

The splendid ceiling is supported by irregular stalactites of various sizes; and the almost countless petrifications, rising into dazzling pinnacles of all altitudes, may well persuade the looker-on that he then gazes on a magic scene.

In the centre of this spot, unruffled by a breeze, reposes a small lake of the purest water, and clear as crystal, and well harmonizing with the beauties by which it is surrounded. The very shores whereby its tiny waves are

bound, partake of the same silvery hue already described ; and though far from equalling St. Michael's cave in grandeur and size, it greatly excels all others in the brilliant loveliness of its form, and glittering splendour of the substance with which nature has so lavishly clothed her favourite.

By the foot of that clear water, stood the handsome form of the young chieftain, while by his side, and clinging to him for support, the almost fainting maiden prepared to undergo the horrors of the forthcoming scene. All was utter darkness, and silent as the precincts of the grave, until Kasbin, pressing Visna yet closer to his heart, uttered aloud the spell, which for centuries had been handed down, as the potent charm, whereby to summon to assistance, the being of another world.

Scarcely had the echo of his voice died away, amid the thousand pinnacles of the spot, than, issuing from the centre of the lake, a lambent flame spread its influence far

and wide, and in an instant illuminated the whole; and thus, from intense darkness, each crevice of the excavation stood forth, revealed as though under the influence of the broad glare of day.

"Kasbin," faintly gasped the fair creature by his side; and following the direction of her starting eyeballs, he beheld the spirit he had dared to summon.

At the further end of the cavern, one hand resting on a portion of the crystallized substance of which all was composed, and glittering in the shining vesture which had long since obtained for him the appellation of the Silver Sprite, the dreaded Spirit of their house stood revealed. The visor of his casque was down, so as wholly to conceal his features; and although his outward bearing was formed in perfect and most faultless shape, an instinctive consciousness of supernatural presence, made the frame of mortal shudder at its approach.

Well did the Moorish cheiftain know that now or never must his supplication be uttered; for human eye had never dwelt on that dread countenance but for a brief period, and that only when the compact entered into was

sealed; therefore mastering his more infirm nature, he boldly demanded the succour of which himself and those he loved stood so much in need.

A pause but of a few seconds succeeded, when raising himself from his recumbent position, and stretching forth his arm towards the two mortals before him, the Spirit uttered, in a loud unearthly tone :

If you crave a boon of me,
I demand a gift of thee;
If I scare this Christian band,
Chase their banners from the land,
With the hand of Moorish maid
Must my succour be repaid.
Ere the sun dispels the dark,
Ere the rising of the lark,
Offer up the price I crave,
Victim in a Spirit's cave;
With the hand of yonder maid,
Must my succour be repaid.

And extending his bright transparent arm, glittering with myriads of coruscations, towards the nearly senseless Visna, his form seemed to melt away, and from being

plainly visible, diminished in size and outline, till nothing but a dim shadow could be discerned, rapidly dissolving into air.

By degrees, the various lights with which the spot was illuminated, shone less brilliantly—the farther recesses of the cavern, again became indistinct; and at length, hovering for an instant over the clear lake, from whence it issued, the dazzling flame died away: and again, Kasbin and his beloved Visna, found themselves in darkness, and alone.

Summoning every energy to his aid, his strength hardly sufficed to bear the slight and emaciated figure of his charge, into the fresh air; nor was it until a lengthened period had elapsed, that a gentle sigh convinced her nearly distracted lover, that the spirit of the suffering girl had not departed.

When at length the cool sea breeze, playing on her pallid brow, in some measure restored her to life, and as soon as her extreme weakness enabled her to articulate the name of her adored Kasbin, eagerly she implored, that without a moment's delay, she might quit the dreadful

place, from whence the horrid phantom had but just departed.

“Can it be true, Kasbin?” cried the unhappy maiden; “can the awful vision which now haunts my mind, be in reality, the faithful remembrance of a personal encounter with the dread Spirit of our house; or is it but the strongly impressed recollection of some one of those hideous dreams, which have for so long a time haunted my disturbed and unrefreshing slumbers?” And twining her haik more closely around her shivering person, she nestled to the side of her true and only friend.

What reply—what comfort could her companion offer? Shattered and unstrung as his powerful mind had become, still he could not cheat himself into the conviction, that what he but so lately witnessed, was otherwise than true; and dreadfully the conditions of the Fiend still seemed to ring its summons in his ears.

Well had he prognosticated what, in all probability, would be the sacrifice demanded; and therefore it was, that for so long a period, he struggled against yielding to the solicitation of her, whom he well surmised, would be

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demanded as an offering in return for *his* deliverance. Yet now, that he *had* allowed her soft persuasion to overcome his better judgment—now that the step was taken, which could never be retraced—that Rubicon passed, from whence no return might be looked for—he felt like a pursued criminal, driven to the edge of a frightful precipice, from whence, on every side, destruction, inevitable destruction, stood arrayed before him.

To resign Visna, his beloved Visna, the companion of his boyhood, the cherished of his soul—her, whose smile since infancy had ever been his chief reward—the greatest earthly blessing he desired—to resign that adored being voluntarily, and for *his* preservation, into the clutches of the detested Fiend! Never!—rather would he have been torn piecemeal—his very heartstrings plucked from his lacerated breast, than voluntarily deliver up her beauteous form, to so awful, so horrible a doom.

Rapidly as these thoughts passed through his mind, yet more quickly was his resolution taken; and again lifting the lovely burden, he hurried towards the western face of the Rock, determined to regain the Castle, and

there, if denied further succour, to perish in each other's arms.

Darkness yet covered the land, while painfully, and with much exertion, Kasbin still staggered forward in the direction of the Mosque. But little had he calculated his strength: the excitement of the foregoing scene—the state of agony, nearly bordering on despair, which probed his very soul when the edict of the Spirit went forth, supplied him for the instant with almost superhuman strength, and enabled him to rush from the cavern, and by dint of overpowering exertions, restore his Visna to existence.

But now, that he felt comparatively safe from that immediate danger, a lassitude, against which his prostrated strength proved powerless, grasped his frame with a gigantic power—a dreadful sinking at the heart paralyzed his action—a faint dizziness passed across his eyes—his limbs sunk under the weight he carried—objects floated around in confused masses—and, in an instant, the once powerful figure of the Moorish warrior sank senseless on the turf.

Brief was the cessation from misery granted by insen-

sibility, to the powerless chieftain ; and when at length he raised his head from the green spot whereon he had fallen, sounds, alas ! too familiar to his senses, met his ear.

Borne upwards from the gates of the town, to where he then lay, rang the loud cry of strife—the shrieks of the wounded, and ever and anon the piercing yell of agony from some wretch, who, having gained the summit of the ramparts, was hurled backwards by the spears of the besieged into the vast depth below, were plainly audible.

“ Allah ! holy Allah ! ” exclaimed Kasbin ; “ the Christians storm the walls, and I not there to aid my gallant Moslems in their defence. But never shall it be said that danger hovered near, and that the last of my race shunned the peril which the meanest of his warriors gladly encountered.”

And raising himself with difficulty, he prepared to press onward to the scene of action, when the voice of Visna checked his steps.

To take the poor girl with him, would have been worse than useless ; and to leave her there, exposed to outrage, and perhaps insult, from some marauding party that

chance might direct to the spot, was equally impossible. And as the din of arms, and the shout of men, grew each instant more and more distinct, it was with a feeling of delight he observed a narrow passage in the Rock, which he trusted might lead to some secluded aperture, where, in safety, his betrothed could tarry until his return.

Moments were indeed precious ; so, briefly explaining the absolute necessity of their temporary separation, together they entered the nearly hidden fissure, carved from the substance of the solid stone.

“ For a time, Visna, and please Allah ! but for a short time, must we part. Here you can rest in safety until my return ; and dreadful as the separation is to both, how could I ever deem myself worthy of your love, if, while the clash of war sounded near, and the accursed Christian thundered at our gates, I, of all the few remaining of our host, alone sought safety in concealment, nor dared to face the foe ?”

“ Alas ! dearest Kasbin,” she replied, “ unworthy, truly, should I be of your affection, did I for a moment allow any selfish feeling of my own to dim the bright

glory of your name. No, Kasbin ; I would not strive by one poor word of mine to win you from the path where honour points. Go," she repeated, as having passed the narrow entrance, they now stood within a huge and lofty hall ; " go, my own, my beloved chief ; and should you ne'er return to claim your devoted Visna, doubt not but her spirit will speedily rejoin yours in those blessed gardens of the Prophet, where earthly ills and human sufferings are alike unknown. Kasbin, my beloved, farewell !"

And vainly struggling to controul the gush of anguish which sunk heavily on her heart, the Moorish girl burst into a passionate flood of tears ; and hiding her face upon his bosom, sobbed as though the last link that bound her to existence, was strained to its utmost stretch.

" Farewell, dearest Visna !" reëchoed her companion ; and gently disengaging the weeping girl from his embrace, he turned to depart, when a shriek—so shrill, so piercing—rang through the dark caves beyond, that none whose fortune it might have been to catch the unearthly sound, could have forgotten its horrid cadence till their latest day.

In an instant the truth flashed across Kasbin's mind, that, nearly unconscious of his acts, he had unwittingly cast himself into the very danger which he so anxiously had endeavoured to avoid; and in his fervent desire to find some place of shelter for his weaker companion, he it was who had led her into St. Michael's Cave, and the toils of the Fiend, and was then hastening to leave her, alone and unprotected, to his vengeance.

The shout of war, the groans of the fallen, and the clash of arms, by him were heard no more—sight, hearing, strength, every faculty, both of mind and body, were brought to meet the horrible emergency, to which not only himself, but she whom he loved above all the world, was then exposed.

As before, the visor of the Fiend was down; but unlike the apparition in St. Martin's Cave, the Spirit alone shone forth in all his brilliancy, amid the gloom; and no sooner had Kasbin cast his glance upon the figure, than the same unearthly voice which he before heard, once more spoke:—

Ere the Sun dispels the dark,
Ere the rising of the lark,
With the hand of yonder maid,
Must my succour be repaid;
Christian ne'er shall harm the land,
While I possess the Maiden's hand.

And advancing from his position, the Sprite slowly glided towards his victim.

"Avaunt, foul fiend!" exclaimed Kasbin, unsheathing in an instant his jewelled scimitar; "avaunt! nor dare pollute with your vile touch, one, whose every thought and act is purity itself." And placing himself in a posture of defence, he threw himself between the Sprite and his beloved.

"By the virtue of the compact entered into, centuries since, between my unfortunate forefathers and yourself," continued Kasbin; "by the virtue of that compact, which even such as you are, dare not break, I command you to keep your oath. By that compact, entered into with my misguided predecessors, well are you aware, that all power

to harm the virtuous, is denied you. Greatly to be dreaded as your spells are, still even those have their limits; and again, and for the last time, in the name of Allah, I defy your evil machinations, and command your aid in liberating this maiden from the terrors that surround her."

During this impassioned address, the Spirit had retreated to his former station, and though venting his disappointment and rage, by every species of energetic menace that his form could assume, still he attempted not to approach nearer, but again gave utterance to his thoughts.

Haughty Moslem, 'twas agreed,
And as you utter, so decreed;
Yet though perforce I must obey
The oath that curbs my evil sway:
And though I shield from present ill,
Yon Moorish maid, against my will;
From this dread moment, Moslem band
Shall ne'er hold sway o'er Christian land.

And sending forth peals of demoniacal laughter, the Silver Sprite dashed his glittering helmet to the

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ground, and disclosed the revolting skeleton of a fleshless skull.

Again the crash of human strife rose in the air—the evil passions of man, seemed as if vieing with the unearthly shrieks of demons; until at length, screams and curses rent the sky; and with a deafening shout, the Spaniards forced the gates—and Gibraltar ceased to be the country of the Moors.

Between Fez and Tetuan, may yet be seen the fast mouldering remains of what must once have been a splendid mausoleum; but time, and his equally powerful aid, neglect, have long ere now defaced each sculptured ornament: and little can be gathered from the heap of ruins, but a lesson—useful indeed to those who ponder on it, of the certain mutability of all human things.

Crumbling to decay, as this once magnificent structure now is, the Moors affirm, that in some of the defaced characters which they show, may plainly be deciphered, the names of

K A S B I N

AND

V I S N A .

“Good gracious, Fairlie !” exclaimed Osborne, much surprised ; “in virtue of all that is locomotive, how did they get there ? I thought you left them in St. Michael’s cave, talking to a gentleman with a bald head.”

“So I did, Osborne,” replied the other ; “but from this tale, springs the origin of the tradition, still often repeated on the Rock, to the effect, that from St. Michael’s cave, a passage yet exists, which, passing beneath the ocean, finds an opening on the shores of Africa.”

THE SUN SMILES O'ER.

ANDANTE.

VOICE.

PIANO


FORTE.

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The sun smiles o'er the deep blue wave..... And

gilds the flow'rs on many a grave; And as the tender buds un-



fold.... He decks the leaves... with li-quid gold. Yet tho' the

O...cean smiles so.... fair And tho'... each

flow'...ret scents the.... air, All un...der...neath the

wave is deep And dark...some, as.... the last long sleep.

THE SUN SMILES O'ER.

1.

THE sun smiles o'er the deep blue wave,
And gilds the flower on many a grave,
And as the tender buds unfold,
He decks the leaves with liquid gold.
Yet though the ocean smiles so fair,
And though each flow'ret scents the air,
All underneath the wave is deep
And darksome as—the last long sleep.

2.

Though shrubs of many a lovely hue,
The myrtle green and violet blue,
May perfume with their fragrant breath
The air around the couch of death;
Yet, though affection gild the tomb,
Though round the marble roses bloom,
The space within the hallowed bier
Is lonely—cold—and sadly drear.

3.

Ah! thus how oft a laugh may rise,
And joy may beam from beauty's eyes,
And sylph-like forms may glide along,
Like fairy nymphs, amid the throng;
Yet mark yon brow so dazzling fair,
Can eyes like those be dimm'd by care?
Alas! within that breast may dwell,
What silent anguish—who may tell?

During the day, the three comrades agreed to proceed on the following morning to the Cork Wood, where, at some small distance from Gibraltar, stood the remains of an old building, formerly in the possession of some religious order.

"I know not," remarked Osborne, as they pursued their accustomed ramble, "I know not whether there may yet remain anything within the structure worthy of Delacy's pencil; but I can take upon myself to vouch for the picturesque appearance of the outside, which, in itself, is amply sufficient to engage attention, while Fairlie and myself stroll through the unfurnished chambers, with the ancient Padre, who wanders amid the gloomy corridors of the edifice, more resembling a wearied ghost seeking his abode among the tombs of his brethren, than an actual *bona fide* Friar, the last inhabitant of the place."

"Sets the wind in that quarter, fair sir?" replied Fairlie. "Another nun, and a second monk, I presume, by way of adding a little piquancy to the ride? Now, if such be the case, Osborne, it is but fair to inform you at the commencement, that never again will I connive at the

perpetration of such horrors; so, if you and Delacy are bent on throwing people into the ocean, and burying young ladies alive, seek no assistance at my hands, for I tell you plainly, I'll none on't."

"What a great misfortune it is," observed Delacy, not a little amused, "that no one, save Osborne and myself, are by to listen to your oratorical powers. Why, my dear fellow," he continued, "you have become so energetic, and talk with such vehemence, that were any strangers passing at this moment, they must unquestionably put me down in their mind as one of the most ruthless destroyers of our own race that ever flourished since the days of Herod; therefore, as you have chosen to criticise Osborne's well believed legend, it will be but fair should we pass a few observations on your own."

"With all my heart," answered the other, gaily. "I conclude your remarks will tally with the feelings of him who exclaimed,

'Oh, that mine enemy had written a book.'

So first warning you that your arrows, though dipped in

gall, and pointed with satire, as sharply as you please, will all bound harmless away from my proof corslet of indifference. Now, gentlemen, if you have anything to advance, speak out."

"All I have to observe on this important matter," laughed Delacy, "may be summed up in a very few words. By your account, it would appear, that once upon a time, dwelt a lady and somewhat dusky gentleman, in a large castle, rather scantily supplied with attendants and light; and what was worse than all, having a very indifferent establishment in the culinary department. Now, it would seem, that one evening the lady and gentleman aforesaid, found themselves extremely hungry, when, instead of ringing for dinner, supper, or whatever else they might have wanted, off they set to hold a long conversation on the subject in the balcony, by moonlight, with, I presume, the laudable object of enjoying the feast by anticipation; and in lieu of sending for a cook, they took the trouble to ascend a huge mountain, for the purpose of asking a friend to furnish them with *comestibles* appropriate to their state of appetite. By the bye, Fairlie," he continued,

"I conclude you took that idea from the ancient saying, to the effect, that

'Providence sends provisions, and his satanic majesty cooks.'"

"Bravo, Delacy," chimed in Osborne; "this retort on our romantic friend is perfectly fair and just. And then the end of the story!—the passage under the sea! Why, the Thames tunnel is but as a child's plaything to Fairlie's engineering. Excellent, truly;" and both officers laughed, as though much enjoying the infliction which so unsparingly they lavished on their companion.

"Laugh, gentles, as you will," good-humouredly interrupted Fairlie. "I told you, in the first instance, you had my free will to rejoice at my expense, even to the utmost verge to which you may be able to force your merriment. So while you find pastime in criticising, I feel fain to solace myself with song."

OH, WELL I REMEMBER!

1.

OH, well I remember, ere sorrow had thrown
Her shadow to chequer the morning of life,
Ere the roses we dreamt of had blossom'd and blown,
And childhood was bartered for manhood and strife!—
Oh, then have we wandered in infantine glee,
And wove with the leaves and the flowers a chain!
Ah! little I dreamt, when we cast it o'er thee,
I was fettered by links which must ever remain.

2.

When in sorrow I trace back the years that are past,
'Mid friends who were fickle, and those who have died,
I heed not the voice—so remembrance but last,
To recall the loved days I have passed by thy side.
'Tis a dream sweet to cherish—a heavenly ray,
To light my dull path till my journey be o'er;
'Twill shield me—'twill bless me—till life fades away:
Then why should you murmur—I love you no more?

The rides round the neighbourhood of Gibraltar have been so frequently described, that a lengthened detail of the beauties of the picturesque scenery which on all sides meets the eye, would but afford a repetition of words, without conveying any new idea of the loveliness of the country, to the imagination of those readers, whose good fortune may not as yet have added a tour of Spain to their wanderings.

Over the space of country to be traversed between the Rock of Gibraltar and the Convent in the Cork Wood, every diversity of landscape may be met with. Wood and water, hill and dale, lavishly bestow their aid towards enhancing the prospect; while the clear blue sky spreads itself out as a bright transparent mantle above the whole.

The distance between the two points alluded to, does not exceed twelve or fourteen miles; yet, as is ever the case in this world, nothing exists of the beautiful and bright, without alloy.

The ride to the Cork Wood forms no exception to the rule; and the drawback, though not always encountered, is sufficiently disagreeable when met. In short, many

Spanish gentlemen—disregarding the troubles of house-keeping, and spurning the shackles which a more artificial state of society imposes on all who commune with the world—have taken up their dwelling amid the sylvan fastnesses of the woods; and occasionally issuing forth from their seclusion, make the most unaccountable mistakes imaginable, with regard to the property and persons of others.

Numerous are the instances of gross blunders these beings have committed; and so exceedingly hospitable do they occasionally prove, that it is of no rare occurrence for a traveller to find himself leaving the tract he was desirous to pursue, and wandering, in the society of a large band of jovial companions, in a direction diametrically opposite to that leading to his own home.

In some instances, this eccentricity, on the part of the wanderers, has been productive of much inconvenience and anxiety to their guests: and it is recorded that bodily as well as mental suffering has occasionally been experienced. We have often heard tales and adventures in abundance, that have been recounted to us by those who

have been favoured by an interview with these children of the forest ; but though we have, at various and different periods, rambled through most parts of its shady glades, hitherto the Cork Wood has produced to our vision, naught more terrific than occasionally a startled deer, or perchance, the angry grunt of a misanthropic wild boar.

Similarly divested of strong excitement, was the journey of the three officers, on the morning when they rode forth, bent on exploring the vicinity of the antique edifice ; and after a delightful ride of two hours, found themselves in front of the venerable Padre's picturesque abode.

As a piece of architecture, it has but little to claim attention ; and on entering the arched doorway, the usual court yard, surrounded by pillars, with a deep, clear, well, placed in the centre, shaded with the foliage of numerous orange trees, are the only striking features of the place.

The different apartments, of which there is a great number, still retain the appellations significant of the use to which they were formerly appropriated ; and in many

cases, small niches above the doors, yet support the mutilated remains of what possibly may have been images of some of the most popular saints.

But the spot most revered by the Padre, and from which he invariably continues to draw the attention of his visitors, until each other novelty has been examined, is the small chapel; or rather, what yet remains of the chapel of the Convent.

Faded silk, and gaudy tinsel, may be there found in abundance; and with a demonstration of no small portion of worldly pride still beating within his aged bosom, the venerable friar, after much trouble in uncasing various strongly bound places of security, generally produces the carefully preserved gorgeous canonicals of his church.

In this chapel, now but little frequented, may be found, diminutive silver casts of various parts of the human frame, offered up by the peasants, by way of thanksgiving for restoration from maladies of nearly every description to which our nature is liable to, and of which afflictions, one at least is supposed subject to the power of some of the multitudinous saints in the Calendar.

The object most worthy of contemplation, is the Padre himself, as slowly he glides along, amid the scenes of his former greatness. It would be well worthy of study, were it possible, that the feelings of that old man's heart could be laid bare. What must his sensations be, when his fast failing vision unavoidably recalls to his mind, the difference between the scenes around him now, and that which it presented in the time of his prosperity.

Clothed in his silken vest, and the shovel hat, peculiar to the priests of Spain, his long white hair straying down his back, none can behold his drooping figure, without interest.

He stands as the last tottering pillar of some once noble structure, which time, and the hand of the spoiler have conspired to destroy, but which still attempts to buffet with the storm.

Who can dispute, but that in the sunny hour of youth, hope beamed as bright, and pleasure smiled as alluringly, in *his* bosom, as in those of millions of his fellow men.

To his eyes, all may have been clothed in the garb of

beauty. Who can say, what passions held him in their sway, ere he relinquished the world for ever?—Ambition, pride, and perhaps love.

What, in that distant period, might have been his anticipations of the future?—And how have they been realized?—Who can answer? We have already conjectured what he *might* have been. But what is he now? A feeble, ancient man, worn with cares, and stricken with adversity; eking out the few unenjoyable days of his pilgrimage, amid the scattered remains of his brethren; friendship—acquaintance—love—hope—ambition—all buried in the grave. The very building, where for years he had found repose, tottering over his head; while he, the last, the only one of that proud order, was fain to seek a pittance from the stranger, to enable nature to add a few hours more, to the bitter many already encountered.

“It is a hard lot, truly,” remarked Delacy, in reply to the foregoing observations uttered by Osborne; “yet he has one consolation, wretched as he may be——”

“That he might have been worse, I presume you mean!” exclaimed Fairlie. “Of a verity, my good friend,

you are the most consolatory comforter I ever had opportunity of confronting. Well, well, so is it; and truly fortunate that none of us can foretell our destiny. All wish to start; and yet none know to what goal they are hastening; just as you see people make innumerable preparations for ushering in the new year, the completion of which, possibly, they are doomed never to witness. In exemplification of which simile, I will—if you desire it—sing you

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

1.

As you gaze round the hall 'mid the young and the gay,
Would you call back the days that have fled?
Could you wish Father Time to retrace his dull way,
And again pass the year that has sped?
Oh! the scene shone as fair but a twelvemonth ago,
And the wine that we drank was as bright;
Now the goblet we quaffed from, again shall o'erflow,
And be pledged in as gaily to-night.

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2.

'Tis true that the jest and the song may go round
As blithely again as before,
And the soft strain of melody now may resound,
And lips breathe the name they adore.
But was it not so when the old year ran out,
And the new one was hailed with delight?—
Oh! well I remember the soul-stirring shout
That welcomed him in—as to-night.

3.

The banquet is spread, and the mirth is the same,
While forms that we know well are here;
But many who last year were first in each game
Of frolic—now sleep on their bier.
All the hopes that we cherished have faded and past,
Brief and bright as the fire-fly's light;
While like those who have gone—may not this be the last
Happy time we may meet—as to-night?

4.

I care not to cast round the halo of youth,
A sorrow to shadow the ray;
For the young and the lovely too often, in sooth,
Are worshipped—and then pass away.
Yet think not of woe, though he's sure to appear,
And compel all to bow to his might;
Now we'll heed not his voice, but let's glide through the year,
As we've gone through the joys of to-night.

"I think," observed Osborne, on their way homeward, "that of all the places I have hitherto visited in the neighbourhood of Gibraltar, the remains of the old Convent we have just quitted, deserve most attention; and from the immense space of time which must have elapsed since its foundation, many an occurrence, whereon to found a romantic legend, I doubt not, has, at some period or other, come to pass."

"No occasion whatever exists for taxing your imagination in the matter, Osborne," replied Delacy; "neither need you wander through the dark labyrinths of former ages, in search of materials wherewith to frame a tale; for much of evil passions, and many a deed of bloodshed, have those now crumbling walls been witness of, in days not removed by centuries, nor even years, from the present time. Scarcely have a few months rolled by," he continued, "when a horrible cold-blooded assassination was perpetrated on the spot we have so recently examined. The murderer was a miller, a person well known in this vicinity; and, moreover, one possessing considerable authority still. His victim was a priest; and, as is the case

nine times out of ten, at least, in Spain, the cause was jealousy. It is a horrible story, and too long to relate at this period.

“Let it suffice, that whether well founded or otherwise, the admirer of a bright-eyed peasant girl having, without much inquiry, and with little investigation, impressed himself with a belief of the lady’s partiality for his rival, his determination was instantly taken ; and after watching for some days from a place of concealment, like a tiger lying in wait to spring upon his prey, the opportunity at last offered ; and in broad day, with many persons variously employed around, he shot the unfortunate object of his hatred through the heart, when passing out of the convent door.”

“Was he punished ?” enquired Fairlie.

“Not at all,” was the reply ; “nor indeed was any notice taken of the matter. Murders of that description are too frequent in this beautiful, but unfortunate country, to claim much attention from the authorities ; and even had they the *will* to interfere, I much doubt their possessing the *power*.”

"Was the assassination you have just mentioned, the only exploit in which this worthy gentleman distinguished himself?" asked Osborne.

"Quite the reverse," answered Delacy; "within two years, he thought proper to shoot a man in the public streets at St. Roque; and yet here you may often meet him wandering about, as unconcernedly as though he had never committed an act of violence since the dawn of his existence. I do not pretend to vouch for the truth of the statement, but eight is the number of victims that popular credence places to his credit, as having deprived of life; yet, notwithstanding all this, those who know him, speak of his exceeding good humour, affability, and above all, his extreme urbanity and gentleness."

"The gentleness of a hungry lion, I presume," interrupted Fairlie.

"I never met him in person," answered the other; "but those who, a short time back, accompanied Prince George of Cambridge on a shooting expedition up the mountains, might have studied him to their heart's content, since there he was *in propria persona*, and moreover

made himself eminently useful, and exerted his authority, so as to secure for the party various small comforts, which, under the circumstances wherein they were placed, were truly welcome."

"I dispute it not," observed Osborne; "but thank the fates, gentlemen of that description would in England stand a far greater chance of appearing in the condemned cell, than in running about in a splendid fancy dress of green velvet and silver buttons, doing the honours of a picnic, spread out in a picturesque valley."

"And richly would he deserve it," remarked Fairlie. "But tell me, Delacy," he continued, "have you as yet visited Castellar and Los Barrios, for they are both in their way worthy of inspection?"

"Hitherto," replied his friend, "opportunity has never offered; but I trust, ere long, to be enabled to gratify my wish."

"Castellar," chimed in Osborne, "is indeed a picturesque object; and there it was that for months the French vainly exerted every endeavour to make themselves master of the place; but no,—gallantly, and in the true Saragossa



Engraved by H. W. H. from a. H. W. H. by J. E. H. 1811

CASTILLA.

Engraved by S. W. H. and W. H. W. H. by J. E. H. 1811

Engraved by H. W. H. 1811

style, the Spaniards held their own; until, at length, harassed by the Guerillas fast closing around, and fearful of their retreat being cut off, the French deemed it advisable to raise the siege and depart."

"Nobly done!" exclaimed Fairlie; "but what of Los Barrios? Did the inhabitants of that place stand out as gallantly against the invaders, as did their neighbours of Castellar?"

"They had not the same means of defence," answered the other, "Los Barrios being an open, unfortified town; but every nerve was strained to keep in check the overwhelming inroads of the French. Among other means resorted to, was the destruction of the two centre arches of the stone bridge immediately close to the town. This was effected by the patriots in one thousand eight hundred and eight, while the French were besieging Cadiz. And having been maturely planned and successfully executed, an immense number of the enemy fell into the hands of the relentless Spaniards, who as rigorously repaid with the halter and the knife the manifold injuries and oppressions under which they themselves had so often and so severely

suffered. The bridge has long since been repaired with wood ; but the stone arches still are, and probably ever will be, wanting."

" So much for Los Barrios, then !" cried out Fairlie ; " but if we loiter thus upon the road, I have a shrewd suspicion we must make Osborne's long and tedious stories stand us in lieu of more substantial comforts ; for unless we progress faster, I opine our resting-place for the night must be found outside the walls of our fortress."

" For once, Fairlie," answered Osborne, " I fully agree with what you advance ; and so far coincide in opinion, that unless we ride somewhat more speedily, I fancy your disagreeable prognostic will be verified."

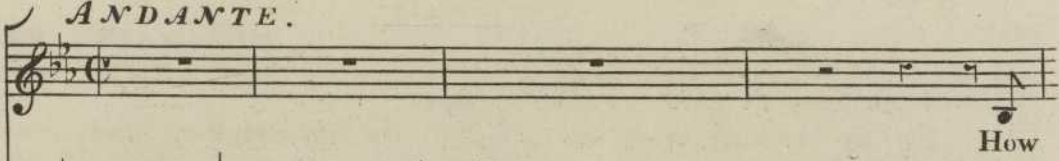
This point being settled, the friends urged their reluctant steeds to a quicker pace ; and as Fairlie could no more ride without singing, than he could walk without talking, his voice was soon heard above the clatter of their horses' hoofs.

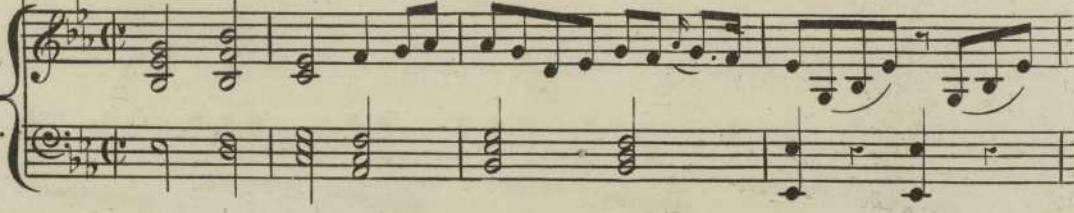
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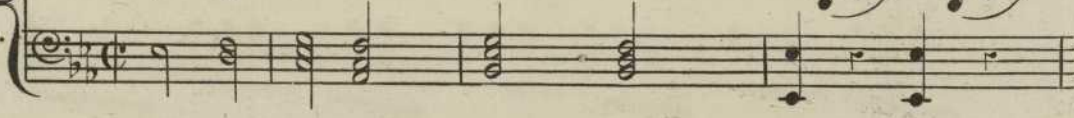
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OTHER DAYS.

ANDANTE.

VOICE.  *How*

PIANO 

FORTE. 

oft, when by the cheer-ful blaze Which shone a-round my Fa-ther's hall; I've

sat, and sigh'd for o-ther days, Oh! could I now those hours re-call. I've

sat, and sigh'd for o--ther days, Oh! could I now those hours recall. I

left my home, my heart was light, And plea-sure strew'd my heed--less way; The

world and all I saw were bright, Life seem'd one joy--ous ho--li--day. The

world and all I saw were bright, Life seem'd one joy--ous ho--li--day.

OTHER DAYS.

1.

How oft when by the cheerful blaze
That shone around my father's hall,
I've sat and sighed for other days!
Oh, could I now those hours recall!
I left my home: my heart was light,
And pleasure strewed my heedless way;
The world and all I saw were bright,
Life seemed one joyous holiday.

2.

Years fled by: I gained the spot
Where childhood's happy days had fled;
The sound of welcome reached me not,
For those I loved were gone or dead.
My little brother's joyous tone
No more will sing in infant glee;
The hearth is cold—I stand alone—
Are these the days I pined to see?

“ But have you not anything to sing, Fairlie, regarding the country in which we now wander?—no Spanish air, or sentimental tale in verse?” enquired Delacy. “ Surely, amid your heterogeneous collection, you must have something more appropriate than your last song.”

“ You greatly overvalue my knowledge of the joyous science,” he replied, on being pressed by the other officers. “ But whatever I may be enabled to contribute to your amusement, shall most willingly be produced; and as you are determined to have it without reference to my judgment, at least spare your criticisms afterwards.”

“ Commence!” cried his friends together; and Fairlie instantly sang

THE ANDALUSIAN MAID.

1.

I love, when the summer's sun has set
O'er the dark blue hills of Spain,
To list to the sound of the castanet,
And the peasant's simple strain.



Des. & Engr. by W. Harrison.

HER. H. PRINCE GEORGE OF CAMBRIDGE'S QUARTERS AND TRINITY CHURCH.

Published by Stanish and Wiley, Condutts Street.

Printed by W. Harrison.

I love the mantilla's easy grace,
When carelessly 'tis laid,
To shade, yet show, the lovely face
Of the Andalusian maid.

2.

I love to rest by the orange tree,
Whose perfume breathes around,
And gaze on the forms that seemingly
Scarce touch the velvet ground.
And I love the zapato's glossy hue,
As dark as the silken braid,
Which nestles to rest on the bosom true
Of the Andalusian maid.

3.

I love, when the glare of day has gone,
To watch the evening star,
When borne on the breeze the strain comes on
From some distant light guitar.
And who that has stood on the martial plain,
Where the Moslem's spear was laid,
Would not wish to visit the land again
Of the Andalusian maid?

"What are you gazing at, Osborne?" enquired Delacy, when the song ceased.

"To say truth," replied the other, "I scarce can tell, seeing that I am myself in ignorance of what the object may prove, which I am endeavouring to make out. But look at the signal-post, and perchance your eyes may be better able to solve the riddle."

"A signal, decidedly," answered Delacy; "but at this distance, I cannot take upon myself to determine what."

"In that, methinks, *I* can aid you," exclaimed Fairlie; "and if my eyes prove not false, and provided my memory play not the truant on this occasion, the signal betokens a transport in sight; and, moreover, one coming from the West."

"A transport!" uttered the others, in a tone of surprise. "If such really be the case, farewell to all our hoped-for future rambles; for without fail, ere long, one at least of our party must, perforce, be carried far away from hence."

"Such is the fate of all in our service," was Delacy's

answer; "and though we look forward with regret to our parting, still we must remember that it was a separation which, however far distant, we were well aware must at some period or other occur; and though perforce we separate now, let us look forward to the hope of a speedy and joyous réunion, where, though in another clime, we may again indulge our peculiar fancy with as much ease and delight as we wandered about the Rock.

"In short, if transport it is, go some of us must; and as we well know how useless it is to repine, let us meet the annoyance as best we may; and when we separate, only trust we

'Part to meet again.'

"You are quite right, Delacy," remarked Fairlie, "and none can dispute the correctness of your philosophy; but, for my part, I have not as yet been sufficiently hardened by daily converse with the world, to bear disappointments and to check regrets with such stoical indifference. In truth, it is hard, that as soon as you find persons whose tastes assimilate with your own, and, moreover, when you

become sufficiently acquainted to behold your acquaintance ripen into friendship, invariably comes an order, and off goes the party East, West, North, or South, and probably never meet again; or if they do, peradventure the contact will be when, occupying three-wheeled chairs, the once active soldiers are hauled ingloriously along by a black foot-boy in a gold-laced hat, either at Bath or Cheltenham; to which places they are sent by the physicians, to discover whether bad water cannot totally dissolve a frame, that age, toil, and climate, had not been able wholly to overcome."

"But so it is, my dear Fairlie, throughout the world," observed Osborne. "The dearest friends must part; then wherefore should you imagine that in our profession alone such painful separations exist? No, no, trust me, my good fellow; in all classes, and in all ages, a full share of sorrow falls to the lot of each, let him be who he may, who starts upon the pilgrimage of life. So rouse yourself, and remember the old motto—

'Nil desperandum; auspice Deo.'

And therefore, ere we reach Bay-side, sing one more song in lieu of sentimental grumbling."

"I could not sing, Delacy," he replied, "let your bribe be what it might; but if the vessel in sight turns out *not* to be a transport, you shall have no cause to complain of my silence to-night."

The orders issued on the succeeding day speedily dissolved the faint hopes of the friends as regarded the vessel, which the previous night, had anchored in the bay. Doubt now became certainty—conjecture was at an end; for reposing on the deep blue water, lay revealed to the sight of all who chose to look towards her, and which could never be mistaken for anything else—the transport, destined to bear to strange and far distant lands, those whose duty it ever is to brave both clime and tempest in the honourable distinction of preserving, under the sway

of England's sovereign, those possessions which the gallantry of their forefathers wrested from the grasp of others.

It is not our province here, to dwell on the many sorrows and heart-rending scenes that unavoidably and constantly occur on such occasions. Far otherwise was the task imposed on ourselves, which, in penning these pages, we were anxious to accomplish.

Should the lovely features of any of our fair countrywomen deign to bend over the leaves of this volume, bitter indeed would be our regret, were the lines herein traced calculated, for an instant, to shadow, even with a passing sigh, the gentle feelings of those who—had we our own will—should never know an instant of regret, be it as trivial as it may.

The great ambition which prompted us to the under-

taking, which is now drawing to a close, was the hope—perchance erroneously entertained—that this our favoured child might find a place in some remote corner of those delicious boudoirs, where all that meets the eye

“ Is beautiful, and fair, as good.”

But we are ranging wide of our subject ; yet, in truth, who can blame the pen, however unskilfully wielded, that travels o’er many an unsullied page, when the softer and more angelic portion of our race is the theme on which it may be employed ?

It has been our lot to view “ Nature’s fairest forms,” in different climes ; and although poets may panegyrize the soul-melting eye and glossy tresses of Barbary’s daughters—the captivating languor of the Italian—the graceful beauty of the Spanish damsel—the enchanting naïveté of the French—and the hundred other perfections of all nations ; yet, having glanced on all, where does the enquirer turn for the personification of all his ideal fancy can conceive ?—where does he expect to find united, in one

country, the many excellencies culled from all besides ?
Where, but in the fairest, loveliest, and most perfect
work of Providence—the women of our happy land ?
And had we the power of Fairlie's voice, would gladly
sing :—

OH, SAY NOT.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in D major, 2/4 time, consisting of two systems of piano accompaniment. The first system features a treble and bass staff with a melody in the treble and a supporting bass line. The second system continues the piano introduction with more complex chordal textures. The vocal entry begins in the third system with the lyrics "Oh! say not we shall meet no more, That life is on..... the". The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note bass line. The fourth system contains the lyrics "wane..... That feelings we have known be-fore, Can.....". The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note bass line and chordal support. The score ends with a double bar line.

Oh! say not we shall meet no more, That life is on..... the

wane..... That feelings we have known be-fore, Can.....

ne'er re-turn a--gain. Oh! tell me not that hu-man

bliss..... So soon can pass a-----way; That

all my dreams of hap--pi-ness Must fade must fade as yes-ter-

day.... Must fade as yes-----ter-day, yes--ter--day.

OH, SAY NOT WE SHALL MEET NO MORE!

1.

Oh! say not we shall meet no more,
That life is on the wane,
That feelings we have known before,
Can ne'er return again.
Oh! tell me not that human bliss
So soon can pass away,
That all my dreams of happiness
Must fade as yesterday.

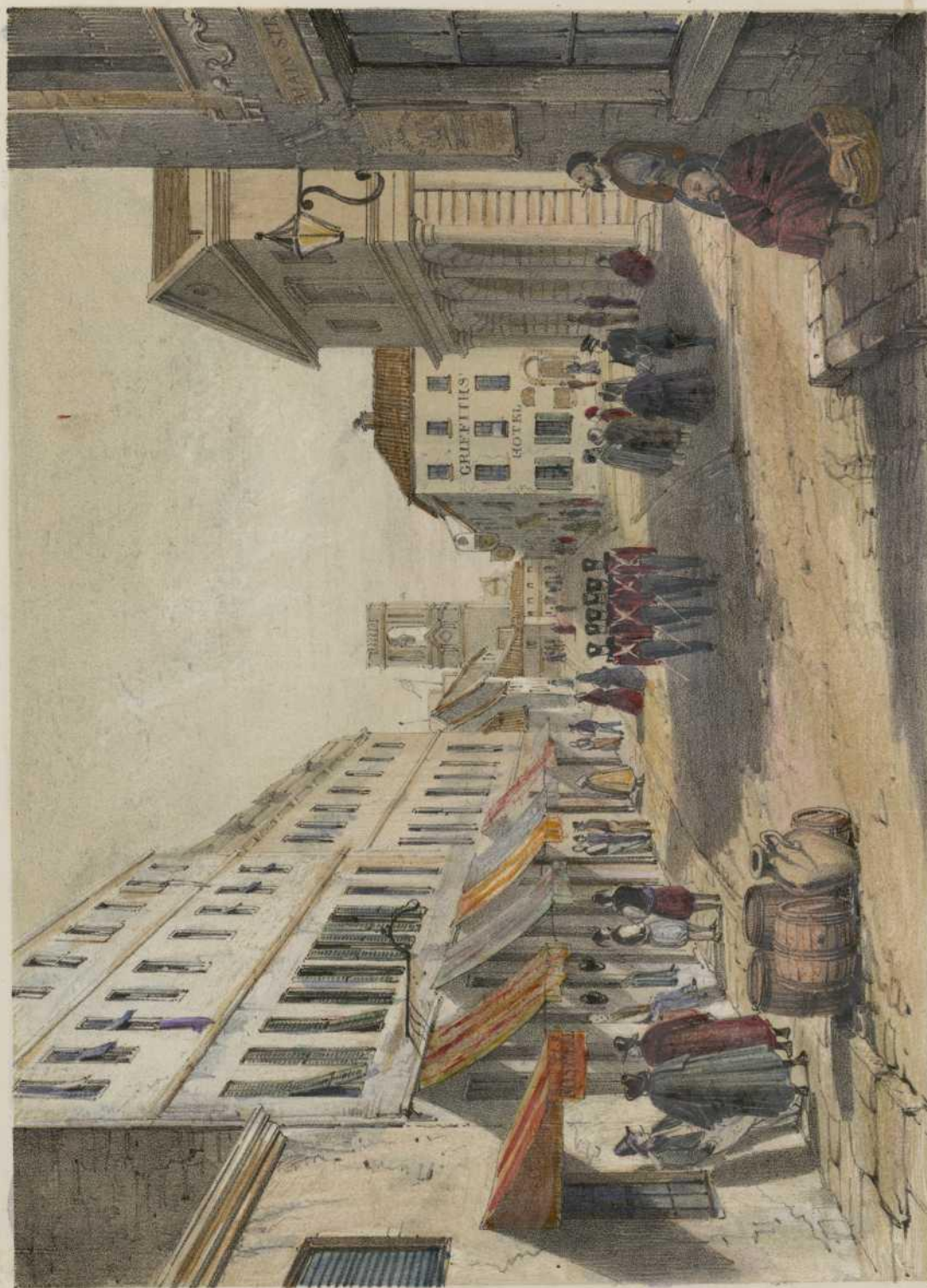
2.

Oh! say not that the form I love
No more shall meet my gaze,
And nothing but remembrance prove
The joys of other days.
Oh! can it be that loveliness
Like thine shall lose its bloom—
That what was sent from Heav'n to bless,
Shall moulder in the tomb?

But to return to our story—if, indeed, it deserve the name of such. Much as each party regretted the separation, all were well aware the evil was unavoidable; so, resolving to make the most of the brief time yet at their disposal, they persevered in prosecuting their researches, yet without much result; for the period was chiefly spent in forming anticipations for the future; and in expressing hopes of soon again meeting, let the place whereon the accomplishment of their wishes was to be fulfilled, be where it might.

Whether it bring good or evil, pain or pleasure, alike regardless of those who would either urge forward or retard his progress, Time sped on, until at length the day of embarkation was at hand.

We do not mean this work as a channel whereby to express to the world at large the phraseology of the camp,



Printed by C. F. Milner.

THE EXCHANGE AND THE SPANISH CHAPEL.

Published by Saunders and Pley, Cordoba Street.

On Stone by W. H. M. M.

or the technicalities of the soldier's language. We will therefore merely add, that the music struck up—plumes and banners fluttered in the breeze—there were some light hearts, and many a sorrowful one; and here and there something resembling a tear was occasionally brushed hastily from the cheek. The troops passed on towards the Water Port Gate, already noticed; some white handkerchiefs, and yet fairer hands, were waved, in token of adieu, as the column was vanishing in distance; then came the rear-guard; they passed on likewise—and, as the music at length became hushed, persons returned to their accustomed avocations; and in brief time, the absent were, if not altogether forgotten, seldom thought on, amid the delights of novelty which new arrivals generally produce.

"Fare you well, Osborne," said Delacy, in no very joyous mood, as, standing in the boat which was to bear him to his vessel, he stretched out his hand towards his friend—"Fare you well, Osborne," he repeated, "and fail not in your promise to write soon."

"Trust me, I will keep my word rigidly, Delacy," answered the other; "and, wishing you a happy and a speedy voyage, again—and again, I say—farewell!"

"And don't you mean to shake hands with me, Delacy, ere you go?" cried Fairlie, attempting a cheerful tone; "or think you still, I have some portion of the dreaded Sprite about me, and am likely to show you a short cut to the West Indies, through Saint Michael's Cave, coming out somewhere about Barbadoes?"

"I would I had so lively a sprite with me always, my dear fellow," rejoined Delacy; "but, as that cannot be, and the boatmen grow impatient, for the last time, to each and both, again I say—farewell!"

"God bless you, old fellow, farewell!" was the spontaneous burst from the lips of the two friends.

And having watched the vessel out of sight, Osborne passed his arm through that of his companion, and together they slowly turned their steps towards their barracks.

THE END.

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